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Further details and forms of application obtainable from the Principal, Shenstone College, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, to whom applications should be made by November 24th, 1967.

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Typography and Bibliography

PRINCE'S PUNCHES

F. C. Avis: *Edward Philip Prince: Type Punchcutter.* 104pp. F. C. Avis (26 Gordonbrock Road, London, S.E.4). 35s.

Towards the end of his life, Edward Prince (1846-1923) started a class in "Steel Punch Cutting for Type" at the Central School of Arts and Crafts in London. A present member of the staff at the Central School has now produced this account of the great punchcutter's life and work. Much of Prince's work between 1890 and 1914 was devoted to cutting punches for the special founts of types used by most of the private presses in England, and by several of their counterparts in Germany, Holland and the United States. Many bibliographers, collectors and students of printing will therefore appreciate the enterprise of Mr. F. C. Avis in writing and also in publishing this book in an edition of 1,000 copies (available from his private address given above).

No operation in typography requires more skill than punchcutting by hand, and in none is error more disastrous. Designs for types are often made with some facility by artists working on a large scale. But if such a basis is to be used to make by hand enough sets of steel punches to produce types in different sizes for text matter, footnotes, headings, &c., a craftsman must be found with a trained judgment, and with exceptional coordination between observant eye and skilled hand. Without these gifts it is impossible for a punchcutter to make those vital modifications from size to size in proportion and detail which alone will ensure that the whole range of sizes conform harmoniously and faithfully to the original design.

Edward Prince had no artistic pretensions, but Mr. Avis reveals him to have been an extraordinarily industrious, accurate, humble and sensitive interpreter of other men's designs. He had the good fortune to be asked to execute designs by artists such as Herbert Horne, Edward Johnston, William Morris, Lucien Pissarro, Charles Ricketts and Emery Walker.

Contact with these men does not seem to have affected his own standards of taste, and it is indeed astonishing to find that as he approached his sixtieth year he was still able to tackle with apparent relish the cutting of types as bizarre as H. W. Caslon's preposterously misnamed "Gutenberg" type (of which Mr. Avis understates "the fount tends to annoy with its pettiness and superfluities"). An equally hideous but favourite "Japanese" type is included in Mr. Avis's chronology of Prince's types, but is tactfully omitted from the selection of forty-one specimens of types cut by Prince.

No doubt Prince would have experienced far more difficulty in executing punches for such a diversity of distinguished patrons if he had himself held strong views or prejudices about matters of design. Instead he was able to regard each new design as a challenge to his technical skill and never as an affront to artistic standards.

Admirers of the Doves Press will be happy to find that Mr. Avis has pasted into each copy some smoke proofs of three punches, cut or partially cut by Prince for the D. Press type, but rejected before p. rices were made. Unfortunately, inclusion of these smoke proofs p. 89 instead of p. 87 has throwa. the index entries to the chrono. printed on the pages which follow smoke proofs. Another small accuracy occurs in a statement the Cambridge University Pre. lection of private press punch. cludes punches for Lucien Pissa. Brook type. Some of the orig. type is indeed kept at Cambridge the punches were dropped into English Channel, and so were ob. erately given a watery grave like punches for the Vale and Doves Pre types which Prince had also cut.

Because so much of Prince's w went into cutting punches for priva presses it is disappointing to find references to the present location any original drawings from wh Prince worked when he cut the punches. It is known, for example, that the drawings for the Doves Pre type are now at the Newberry Library in Chicago; the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford has Pissarro's original drawings for the Brook type; Cambridge University Press has many drawings by Edward Johnston for the Cranach Press types. Only a careful comparison between the origi. drawings and the final printed pa can fully reveal the contribution m by Prince through his skill a punchcutter. Nevertheless Mr. Av has produced a book of real v which has been fittingly printed the type named Venezia wh Prince cut c. 1914.

THE PORTLAND PIRATE

A Check List of the Publications of Thomas Bird Mosher of Portland, Maine. Compiled and edited by Benton L. Hatch, with a biographical essay by Ray Nash. 212pp. Amherst, Massachusetts: University of Massachusetts Press. $35.

Mr. Hatch, Professor Nash, and Mr. Leonard Baskin's prestigious Gehenna Press of Northampton, Mass., have done Thomas Bird Mosher proud; 500 copies, Van Dijck type, Fabriano paper, Michalet boards, plates by Meriden, all in an imperial pastiche of his normally 12mo. stylet prouder, really, than he deserves, with Mr. Norman H. Strouse's *The Passionate Pirate* already with us since 1964. As the illustrations remind us, Mosher's books were vapid in design and typographically undistinguished (he was a fellow member with de Vinne and Updike of the Groller Club, but neither is mentioned in the nine boxes of Mosher papers in the Houghton Library).

With their fancy papers, limitation notices, slip cases and other trimmings, they made popular (and cheap) gift books; but even Professor Nash, claiming for them a "well-bred air of dainty elegance", has to admit that "to a bookman nowadays they seem fussy, fragile, and precious". They do indeed, and one wonders how many Mosher collectors there are today, even in loyal Maine and Massachusetts, to take issue with Mr. Hatch on his collational formula or to wonder why he never identifies a printer.

As a publisher, however, Mosher was an interesting phenomenon. He regarded himself as a literary gentleman and a bibliophile. "Printers", asserted Fred Anthoensen, a real printer from down east, "he did not consider on equality, with himself"; but he was a shrewd and successful businessman, as an output of more than 800 editions between 1891 and his death in 1923 bears witness. Mosher was a voracious and serious reader from boyhood (Buckle's *History of Civilization* was his intellectual Bible). He was forty before he began publishing: suddenly lonely, Professor Nash tells us, with the death of his sea captain father and of his long-estranged wife, and deeply moved by Meredith's *Modern Love*, which he made his first book.

Cheerfully accepting the title of "the Portland Pirate" soon bestowed on him by the English publishers whose lists he pillaged, he followed *Modern Love* with *The City of Dreadful Night* and *The Growth of Love*, FitzGerald's *Rubaiyat*, Michelangelo's *Sonnets* in Symonds's translation, D. G. Rossetti, Andrew Lang, A.E., Walter Pater (a dozen editions of *A Child in the House*), Richard Jefferies, Michael Field, Maurice Hewlett, even R. H. Horne's *The Death of Marlowe*, and Swinburne in profusion (twenty-eight titles). It was a rather *recherché* list for a man whose portrait (1907) looks more like President Taft than William Morris or Sir Francis Meynell; and it was only after the turn of the century that occasional Americans – Poe, Whitman, Thoreau, and various lady translators from the French – are found to rub shoulders with J. W. Mackail, Vernon Lee, Michael Fairless, Fiona Macleod, W. E. Henley, Oscar Wilde, Gordon Bottomley, R. L. Stevenson, W. B. Yeats, and *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

If it is not quite fair to couple Mosher's name with that of his contemporary Elbert Hubbard, he made no creative contribution (like Stone and Kimball or Mitchell Kennerley) to American publishing and no contribution of any importance to American book-making. But he did promote a number of English authors among American readers, even if he only occasionally paid them any thing: his series of anthologies under the title *The Bibelot* showed wide reading and an often adventurous taste (e.g. lyrics from *Ionica* in 1901, poems by Frances Cornford and selections from Axel Munthe's *Vagaries* in 1910; and an edition of Blake's designs for Thornton's *Virgil*, even allowing for some borrowing from *The Century Guild Hobby Horse*, would certainly have been in 1899 a surprising excursion from any American publisher except Thomas Bird Mosher. So perhaps he does after all rate thirty-five dollars' worth of detailed remembrance.

UNWISE

J. C. Thomson (Editor): *Bibliography of the Writings of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.* 72pp. H. Pordes. £4 4s.

This Tennyson bibliography is a facsimile reprint, on a larger page, of the original edition published in 1905 (by J. Thomson of Wimbledon and G. E. Stechert of New York), minus the preliminary advertisements of other Thomson publications, for which a portrait of Tennyson is substituted, and with the original imprint and date replaced by "H. Pordes, London, 1967". There is thus no indication to the innocent reader that he is being served up with a sixty-two-year-old book, otherwise unchanged even to the misprints. The knowledgeable Tennysonian may or may not know (or care) that the original edition is uncommon today; but he will certainly know that, except in one respect, Thomson's Tennyson bibliography is little more than a rehash of Richard Herne Shepherd's (1890) and that, like the same compiler's bibliographies of Dickens, the Lambs and Swinburne, it is of no interest today except to bibliographical historians. And Dickens, the Lambs and Swinburne, it is of no interest today except to bibliographical historians. And its curiosity value to them resides solely in its modest contribution to the promotion of Wise's Tendre-ish forgeries, of which all but one (*England and America*, 1877) are included, with the usual Wisean misprints of alleged rarity, recent auction prices, &c.

If Mr. Pordes did not know all this when he set out to exhume this worthless and misleading little book, he should surely have taken warning from the preface, in which Thomson wrote (and still is made to write) in 1967):

> My grateful acknowledgements are due in the first place, to Mr. Thomas B. Wise, who placed at my disposal the bibliographical descriptions of seventeen of the "trial" issues, including several unknown to me.

The propriety of reprinting Wise's own bibliographies, forgeries and unedited, is arguable, and has been argued in this journal. But Wise, when all is said and done, was a lion, even in deceit. Need we be bothered with photographic jackals?

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"Bolshevik", a painting by B. Kustodiev, reproduced from J. P. Nettl's *The Soviet Achievement* (reviewed on page 1027).

RUSSIA'S IRON AGE

OF ALL THE books to have been published in the Soviet Union during the present Jubilee Year, Yuri Zhukov's is one of the most important. Its author is now *Pravda's* top commentator on international affairs; but, born about 1910, he started his journalistic career in the late 1920s as a reporter on a small local paper in the mining town of Lugansk in the Donbass. For a time, however, he changed his profession and, in 1932, he graduated from the Automobile and Tractor Institute in Moscow and was then sent as a technician to the great new automobile plant in Nizhni Novgorod, the first of its kind in the Soviet Union. But he returned to journalism about a year later, and became one of the leading reporters on *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, travelling all over the country, and describing the industrialization that was going on feverishly everywhere under Stalin's first and second Five-Year Plans. After the German invasion in 1941 he became a war reporter, and then worked abroad for several years after the war, as *Pravda's* staff correspondent with his headquarters in Paris.

* * *

Lyudi 30-kh godov ("Men of the 1930s") is a remarkable book in that it catches the true spirit of what has been called "Russia's Iron Age". As Mr. Zhukov rightly observes, Russia was, for the first ten years after the Revolution, a backward and internationally helpless country. The foundations of a mighty new industrial country were laid on October 1, 1928, when Russia, under Stalin's leadership, embarked on the first Five-Year Plan. Mr. Zhukov was undoubtedly a fervent Stalinite in those days; but so, as he remarks, was "everybody". By "everybody" he means all those millions who had the industrialization of Russia at heart, and felt that if no powerful industry was created within a very short time, the Soviet Union would inevitably be crushed by an imminent foreign invasion.

In his introduction, Mr. Zhukov points out that the 1930s have already receded into the distant past, and that he must tell the story before it is too late. People in Russia today scarcely realize what an heroic mass effort was made by the Russian working-class to industrialize the country and in what primitive and often appalling conditions this work had to be carried out. "In terms of money we were then very poor, but we were rich in spiritual values." Today, with Russian cosmonauts circling the globe and exploring the cosmos, all that was done in the 1930s may, he says, seem very small stuff indeed—but it was not:

> It should not be forgotten that, despite immense difficulties, the Soviet Union created in 1933 a combine of seventeen Institutes of Physics and Technology employing no fewer than 2,000 scientists. . . . That same year, there was an international conference in Leningrad on the structure of the atom; among the Soviet scientists present were Skobeltsyn and Kurchatov, among the foreign guests, Francisque Perrin and Frédéric Joliot-Curie. . . . In September that year Academician A. F. Joffe, head of the combine of the seventeen institutes, wrote: "Science is no longer isolated from life. . . . Our young Soviet people are now pouring in a vast stream into our institutes. . . . Having absorbed Western technology, we, scientists, engineers and craftsmen, like workers, shall turn this Western technology into a more perfect socialist technology."

No doubt, compared with present-day achievements, what was done in the 1930s was done on what might be called the "artisan level"; Chkalov's sensational one-hop flight on board his Tupolev in 1937 from Moscow to Portland, Oregon, across the North Pole lasted sixty-three hours, and the distance covered was 7,000 miles—wretched figures compared with present-day cosmonauts flying at a speed of nearly 20,000 miles an hour. Yet in those days, as Mr. Zhukov says, Chkalov beat the world's long-distance record. This vast progress in the 1930s was not achieved without loss of life; Mr. Zhukov recalls the case of the stratosphere balloon which crashed in 1933 killing all three members of the crew. And they were not the only ones to sacrifice their lives to the cause of science and progress. The Russians of the 1930s were even better in some ways than the Russians of today:

> Those heroes of the 1930s have often been called romantics and enthusiasts. Well, that is not a bad description. *Least of all did these people think of peace, and creature-comforts, and money. What these people were doing seemed to them the most interesting, most fascinating thing in the world.* [Our italics.]

Mr. Zhukov adds, however:

> Not that I want to "varnish" unduly those years of our youth. All sorts of things came into its joyful and tragic, gay and unspeakably fearful (an allusion to the subsequent Stalin purges). And there were also all kinds of people—young beardless enthusiasts, but also middling people, and even some rubbishy people. . . . But, in the main, it was a truly romantic and absorbing time. With their own hands people were creating something which, in the past, had seemed to them only a dream, and the new word "our" replaced the old millennial "my".

* * *

Those were the years when the Dnieper Dam was completed, when hundreds of factories were springing up all over the country, among them the Kharkov and Stalingrad tractor plants, great new industrial centres like Magnitogorsk, Cheliabinsk, Karaganda, Kuzbass, Sverdlovsk and the rest. In crab, down-at-heel Moscow the first Metro line was completed in 1935 with its incongruous underground marble and bronze palaces, glittering with crystal chandeliers; incongruous, no doubt, and yet of great psychological significance, as "a peep into the future".

Never had the country built so much and so fast. There were many misfortunes,

YURI ZHUKOV: *Lyudi 30-kh godov.* 575pp. Moscow: Sovietskaya Rossiya. 1 rouble 46 kopecks.

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disasters and catastrophes, some due to wreckers, but very many simply due to our inexperience.

Immense publicity was given even to relatively small achievements; but the fact remains that, by 1939, 518 new industrial plants had been built—"not a spectacular figure by present-day standards, but in those days it was something gigantic".

* * *

When Mr. Zhukov started on his journalistic career at Lugansk in 1928, the country was still very backward; in the Lugansk area there were still 60,000 illiterates and nearly 7,000 registered unemployed. New industrial *cadres* consisting of future "communist engineers" were being turned out at top speed by the "*rabfacs* ("workers' faculties"), and the *spetsy* "specialists" (the pre-Revolution engineers) were looking on sceptically. There was still meagre bread rationing at Lugansk, and people were grumbling: "Why hurry with industrialization?", and, before long, "what's *all* this collectivization nonsense?" But the industrial workers had the right spirit and indignantly refused any pay for their voluntary Sunday work. In 1929 a Donbass miners' delegation—including Zhukov—went to Moscow where they were received by Voroshilov, Stalin and other leaders. When they asked Voroshilov when he expected the war to break out, he said:

> Probably not for two years; the capitalist countries are now in great economic difficulties. . . . But we must be prepared. . . . Since 1925 we have been sending the best soldiers of the Civil War to the School for Red Commanders, and the best graduates of these then go on to the Military Academy. Out of 40,000 commanders [i.e., officers] only 7½ per cent are now old ex-Tsarist officers.

It was unusual for Stalin to receive a delegation, but, in the case of the Donbass miners, he spent two and a half hours with them. In those days, according to Mr. Zhukov, Stalin was "doing the right thing—fighting the Trotskyites and the Rightists, and pushing industrialization and collectivization". Stalin was sorry to learn that, in the Lugansk area, 96 per cent of the arable land was still in private hands, and declared that collectivization must be speeded up. While denouncing the *kulak* as "the enemy", Stalin was affable and friendly in talking to the miners.

And there follows in Mr. Zhukov's book a remarkable definition of the true nature of the early 1930s:

> Every period has its own problems. In the late 1950s the Soviet Union was faced with a problem like this: how to organize the education of the young. How should they, in completing their secondary education, not only be familiar with Shakespeare and Mayakovsky, with physics and mathematics, but how should they also be taught how to use their hands in building houses, produce machine tools and plough the land in the most fruitful way?
>
> In the early 1930s the problem was quite different. What we had to do then was to familiarize millions of people with the ABC of modern technology—millions of people who had barely learned to read and write in their *likbez* ["liquidation of illiteracy"] centres. What we had to do in conditions of still appalling poverty and backwardness was to build some of the most modern industrial plants in the world, and to put the young *kolkhozes* on their feet.

It was no easy task, and yet:

> Despite very hard living conditions, people were absolutely convinced of the necessity of what they were doing, and firmly believed in the future. Life was very hard indeed, but they did not whine, and worked with passion and enthusiasm, showing a sort of Spartan indifference to worldly goods.

The Five-Year Plans were not carried out without the highly-paid help of foreign (British, American and other) "specialists". Mr. Zhukov is rather half-hearted in his praise of these. Henry Ford, for whom business was business, sent some of his men to help in the building of the Nizhni-Novgorod automobile plant. Some of the foreigners did their work conscientiously; others were worse than slipshod about the whole new Russian industrial venture. Mr. Zhukov tells of a machine at the auto-plant which, somehow, failed to work, turning out faulty spare parts:

> Tired, hungry, cold and furious, engineers and workers were hustling around the machine, while two American specialists were sitting there stuffing themselves with amazing white bread rolls and canned food. Then they would get up, wipe their mouths, gentlemen will never be able to produce the right kind of steel. And what are you fussing for, anyway? Instead of wasting your money on buying our machinery, you would do better to spend it on our meat, butter and flour". . . .

However, the Russians made the machine work in the end.

There are some admirable sketches, and even full biographies of some of the remarkable "men of the Thirties". Mr. Zhukov met during those days Melnikov, an old 1905 revolutionary and a hero of the Civil War who was one of the master-minds of the industrial revolution of the 1930s and who, as an old man, still insisted on joining the Army during the Second World War. Here he distinguished himself by laying pontoon bridges and rebuilding bridges under enemy shell-fire; every yard of such a bridge cost six or seven Russian lives; but Melnikov, born under a lucky star, survived. But many of the remarkable men Mr. Zhukov describes were less lucky than Melnikov—and died in the Stalin purges of 1937-38.

* * *

The story of Komsomolsk has been told before, notably by Vera Ketlinskaya in her novel *Courage*; but *never* has it been told so well and with *such intimate* detail as by Yuri Zhukov in this book. One of the great purposes of the Five-Year Plans was to build new industrial bases as immune as possible from enemy invasion and aerial bombardment. Germany was the most obvious enemy; but there was also Japan which, by 1932, had occupied most of Manchuria. Industrial cities like Blagoveshchensk and Khabarovsk were much too close to the Manchurian border, and it was decided to build a new industrial city on the Amur river some 250 miles north of Khabarovsk, about half-way between this city and the Amur Estuary on the Pacific. The place chosen was the village of Permsk; it was wild *taiga* country, with no roads, and with Khabarovsk as the nearest railway station. The only line of communication was the river, on which steamers cruised in summer, and sleighs and lorries in winter when the river was solidly frozen. Air transport was still scarce in 1932 when the first pioneers landed at Permsk in June that year. The decision to build a new city there was taken by a military chief, Jan Gamarnik (later to be destroyed in the purges). He arrived there by the "ice road" in February, 1932, five months before the first pioneers. These included Ivan Sidorenko, one of the builders of the Dnieper Dam and the Kharkov Tractor Plant, and many other outstanding technicians of the first Five-Year Plan, and several thousand Komsomols from all over the country. Their first job was the hardest of all—to clear several acres of the *taiga*; but here was a typical example of the kind of inefficiency which so often slowed down the execution of some of the most urgent projects: a large barge arrived at the future Komsomolsk, but, instead of bringing hammers, saws and hatchets (implements in 1932 were still primitive) it brought hundreds of lavatory pans for non-existent houses. At that time

> there was no town yet. There were not even temporary huts. But here, in dug-outs and under tents, thousands of people were already living along the bank of the Amur. It was impossible to organize a proper supply, a school, a hospital, a bakery, a bath-house. In the forest they laid the foundations of a future cinema.

Not till the autumn were fifty huts built, in which 6,000 people had to find room. The first winter of 1932-33 was the most fearful of all: not only was there a flood which carried away much of the timber needed for building new houses, but typhus took a heavy toll among the Komsomols, and scurvy was almost general. The nearest town was 250 miles away; there were no vitamins, no medical supplies, and almost no food. The vitamins had to be replaced by a concoction made of pine-needles which tasted horrible. The few peasants in the neighbourhood sold potatoes at fifteen roubles a piece, roughly ten shillings. Very small quantities could be got by bringing along the frozen meat from Khabarovsk; but this was an impossible way of feeding adequately 8,000 people. Those gravely ill were also evacuated to Khabarovsk and many died during the 250-mile journey at the height of the Siberian winter. There was a hospital of sorts at the future Komsomolsk, but how helpless the doctor was may be judged from the remarkable story of two men in the last stages of scurvy; the doctor's only fruit, as it turned out, effective) remedy was to send them into the *taiga* where they were to pick cranberries (rich in vitamins) from under the snow and "drink the blood of any wild animals they could kill". All they killed at first were a few squirrels, but these were too disgusting to eat; finally, after ten days, they killed a wild goat, drank its warm blood, and then ate it; this proved their salvation.

In the spring of 1933 things began to look up, and it was decided to name the new town Komsomolsk, in honour of those who had begun to build it. During that first year, many had died; others just couldn't take it. Sidorenko, the head of the Komsomol, stated that, during the previous winter, 561 men had deserted; 329 had been evacuated to hospital; 1,554 were left; of these 1,362 had pledged themselves to stay on till the end of the Five-Year Plan. These figures show that, in fact, 4,000 out of the original 6,000) had died during that first winter, though Zhukov makes no explicit mention of this. Pioneering is admittedly dangerous; but could not the deaths of some 4,000 young people have been avoided? Was not the first year of Komsomolsk not only a monument to the heroism of the 1930s but also to the lethal inexperience of those who had "organized" the whole venture?

June 12, 1933, was the great day when the future Marshal Blükher (another eventual victim of the purges) laid the foundation-stone of territory conquered from the *taiga*. During the next three and a half years all seemed to be going well: thousands more Komsomols joined the survivors of 1932-33, and Komsomolsk was rapidly developing into a major industrial city, while, in the whole surrounding area, prospectors were discovering untold quantities of gold, coal and other minerals. Mr. Zhukov describes most of the leading figures of Komsomolsk—Sidorenko, Zangiev, Minkin, Kachaev and many others, most of whom were later to suffer in the Stalin purges—some to be destroyed by them. He draws attention to another characteristic fact: in 1933 there were 6,000 men and only thirty women at Komsomolsk; but there was not a single brawl, not a single case of "dissolute morals"; "chivalry in the best sense" was the rule accepted, in the circumstances, by all the men. The only lucky ones were those who legally married the girls of Komsomolsk.

* * *

After the disaster of 1932-33, all went well till the beginning of 1937 at Komsomolsk, as elsewhere (the terror since December, 1934, had affected only a relatively small number of people). New Year's eve of 1937 was celebrated in an atmosphere of great optimism. Mr. Zhukov recalls that, a few days before, Orjonikidze, the head of Heavy Industry, had declared that the second Five-Year Plan was making splendid progress, while Molkoyan had stated that the food industry had progressed beyond expectations. And then, two months later, Orjonikidze "died", and was given a state funeral, with a seemingly grief-stricken Stalin among the pall-bearers. In reality, Orjonikidze had committed suicide in a protest against the terror Stalin was about to unleash in real earnest. Already Sasha Kosarev, head of the Komsomol (that very Kosarev who, a few years before—as shown in one of the pictures in the book—had driven the 5,000th tractor out of the Stalingrad Tractor works) was beginning to warn readers of *Komsomolskaya Pravda* against the kind of "false vigilance" with which "certain activists" were prepared for the slightest thing to declare a man to be an "enemy of the people". Something was clearly cooking. And then came Stalin's terrifying speech in March, 1937, saying that there were "wreckers, murderers and foreign agents" in all or nearly all organizations and at all levels, and, above all, among Party members. Mr. Zhukov describes the fearful shock this speech produced everywhere:

> He now put forward a new theory, totally incomprehensible, that the greater the successes of socialism, the sharper would also be the class struggle inside our country. . . . We were deeply worried, all the more so as we were used to believing every word of this man, a man whose authority, in our eyes, was boundless. . . . When, therefore, the most unexpected people were arrested, we bitterly assumed that Stalin was right—he had said that All-Union organizations were teeming with foreign agents. . . .

Like every other city of the Soviet Union, Komsomolsk was affected by the Great Purge. Gamarnik, who had chosen the site for the city, and Blükher, who had laid its foundation-stone, were shot. So, too, was Kosarev. Almost all the Party and Komsomol leaders of Komsomolsk were arrested; very few were shot; Mr. Zhukov describes, however, one "altogether exceptional case" that of one of the Komsomolsk leaders who beat up an examining magistrate, and was then unanimously "cleared" by his colleagues; after which the police didn't persist. Another Komsomolsk leader, Isaac Minkin, saved himself from death or deportation by refusing to "confess" even after months of the most brutal interrogation; finally he was set free. But these were lucky exceptions; and Mr. Zhukov adds that "most" of the Komsomolsk leaders were destroyed in one way or another. Some of those who were not were later killed in the war, among them the famous Ivan Sidorenko, a "father" of many of the great industrial enterprises of the 1930s, including Komsomolsk.

The 1930s were, to Mr. Zhukov, one of the most glorious periods of the fifty years of the Soviet regime but they were also the most savage. If Hitler destroyed "aliens", Stalin destroyed his *own* people. But as a good communist, Mr. Zhukov stresses that, despite Stalin, neither he nor his comrades ever lost faith in the greatness of their cause.

The book is fascinating, though far without some blemishes. Mr. Zhukov speaks of all the great *voluntary* toil done by the Russian people in the 1930s; and scarcely touches on the forced labour system, which also consumed vast proportions, especially in 1937, except when it directly affected some of his friends. Also the text could, without much damage, be cut by one-half. The trouble in Russia is that writers of very long books eat much more than writers of short books; not that Yuri Zhukov has to depend on book royalties to keep body and soul together.

Batsford

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Soviet Russia

INSIDE

I. F. NEITL: *The Soviet Achievement.* 288pp. Thames and Hudson. £2 2s. (Paperback, 21s.)
IAN GREY: *The First Fifty Years.* Soviet Russia, 1917-67. 558pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 15s.
ROBERT GOLDSTON: *The Russian Revolution.* 224pp. Phoenix House. 30s.
ROBERT CONQUEST (Editor): *Soviet Nationalities: Policy in Practice.* 160pp. *The Politics of Ideas in the U.S.S.R.* 176pp. Bodley Head. 25s. each.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution has let loose a flood of books, as well as a host of other activities in English. This is at any rate a sign of the times. Fifty years after the event the French Revolution provoked the same ambivalent or frankly hostile reactions in England as does the Russian Revolution today. But, except for Carlyle's *magnum opus*, published a couple of years earlier, nobody rushed to celebrate the anniversary in print. Some popular demand clearly exists today for this kind of literature. Much of it is ephemeral; some seems to be going primarily to the world of political pamphleteering; some of it has no particular relation to the anniversary and would probably have been written and published without this adventitious aid. Few serious attempts have yet been made to assess the role and significance of the Russian Revolution in world history.

Of the books listed above, Mr. Neitl's is the most serious and important, and by far away ahead of all previous short histories of the U.S.S.R. during the first half-century. Before putting pen to paper Mr. Neitl has thought not only about the particular problems of his subject, but also about the problems of historiography in general. He quotes Lévi-Strauss for the proposition that no history of the French Revolution can be simultaneously "that of the Jacobin and that of the aristocrat", and knows that any interpretation of an historical occurrence is "structured by our knowledge of later events". In other words, our view of the significance of the Revolution and its achievements will condition the way in which we write about it—if we are writing to any purpose. Mr. Neitl is far removed from the school of writers who spend their time denouncing the consequences of the Russian Revolution and deploring that it should have happened. Throughout he studies it, analytically and critically, on its own ground.

Mr. Neitl apologizes in his preface for having tried "to write about things rather than people". In so far as this means that he sees history in terms of great historical movements, and not of the psychological idiosyncrasies of individuals, it is wholly laudable. It is of no special consequence that second-rank figures like Bukharin, Radek, and Tomsky appear rather less conspicuously than usual in these pages. The great figures are there all the time. But even the motives behind the collectivization of agriculture can be analysed Mr. Neitl does this very well—without bringing Stalin on the stage in a more than incidental way. It is rather more difficult to deal with the great purges without having recourse to Stalin's personality as at any rate a partial explanation of the worst horrors. On the other hand, the differences of outlook between Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt which bedevilled the Yalta decisions, and caused so much subsequent misunderstanding, though they took an apparently personal form, were in fact national rather than personal.

Apart from differences of opinion on contentious points of interpretation, some critics may complain that insufficient attention is given to the foreign relations of the Soviet Union and to the affairs of Comintern. This is on the whole a welcome reversal, space being necessarily limited, of the more common bias in the opposite direction. A more dubious feature is an occasionally excessive indulgence in facile sociological generalizations. How much importance should be attached to the conservative tendencies visible in certain aspects of Soviet policy and administration is obviously a crucial question. But does one get much nearer an answer by asking whether in principle "state bureaucracy" is inherently conservative? Generalization and comparison are inherent in all historiography. But the *a priori* approach through deduction from general principles, sociological or other, seems inimical to it.

The last chapter uses the rather creaking literary device of bringing back Lenin and Stalin to the Red Square to survey the scene on the fiftieth anniversary of October. But the observations offered to the reader are sensible and well-balanced, and free, like the rest of the book, from melodrama and sensationalism. The whole book is an excellent introduction to the subject for anyone who is not content with a review of the more notorious facts of the period, and wishes to understand the nature of Soviet society and the forces at work behind the political façade. There is a large number of illustrations—some attractive, some relevant, few both. Apart from photographs of the principal personalities, which are already familiar, it is difficult to see what—except presumably price—they add to a work of this kind.

The First Fifty Years is also a competent history of the first half century of the Soviet regime in Russia. In other respects Mr. Grey's book is a complete contrast to Mr. Neitl's. It is twice as long; its coverage of facts is far larger; the comparatively few reflections it offers are generally conventional; its only illustrations are quite good photographs of the leaders. Mr. Grey has written a biography of Ivan the Terrible, and is a little obsessed by the parallel between Ivan and Stalin. This sometimes helps, as when he quotes the comment of Jenkinson, the English traveller who visited Ivan's court:

> He is not only beloved of his nobles and commoners, but also held in great dread and fear throughout all his dominions, so that I think no prince in Christendom is more feered of his own than he is, nor better beloved.

One stumbles a little perhaps when Mr. Grey refers to "the support and love which the great mass of the Russian people, while enduring so much, accorded to Stalin". But it is not, in one sense, untrue. On the other hand, it seems fanciful to infer, from a few references to Peter the Great and Ivan, that "Stalin was keenly interested in history" and "read widely, especially about the Russian aristocrats of the past".

Some minor errors are inevitable in a work of this scope. The economic sections are probably the least satisfactory. It is not correct that Stalin was pressing for the collectivization of agriculture as early as the spring of 1928; this seriously distorts the perspective and obscures the hurried and haphazard character of the final decision at the end of 1929. Borodin's appointment as emissary to Sun Yat-sen in Canton in the autumn of 1923 may have been an indirect result of Yoffe's mission earlier in the year, but he did not arrive till after Yoffe had left the Far East. This is, however, on the whole, a well-balanced and sensible account of the period; and the reader who is content with a straightforward narrative of fact will come to little harm with Mr. Grey.

With Mr. Goldston we are back at the revolution itself and at the picture-book, many of the illustrations being drawings by Mr. Donald Carrick. The text, which is in large print, would hardly stand without the illustrations, or the latter without the text. Whether the two prop each other up sufficiently to make a viable book is a moot point.

The two volumes of a new "Soviet Studies" series on different aspects of Soviet politics are directed to the intellectual; and, though a good deal of second-hand material has been used in compiling them, care has generally been taken to get the facts right. But the facts selected are, broadly speaking, those likely to discredit the Soviet regime in western eyes, so that the general impression is hostile and one-sided. Subject to this limitation they are efficiently done, and provide useful and sometimes out-of-the-way information.

OUTSIDE

The Impact of the Russian Revolution, 1917-1967. The Influence of Bolshevism on the World outside Russia. 357pp. Oxford University Press, for Chatham House. £2 5s.

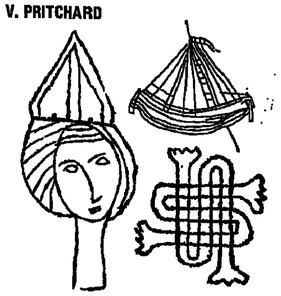
The Impact of the Russian Revolution, 1917-1967, issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, contains four general essays on what may be called Soviet themes. The first essay, by Neil McInnes, on the western communist movement, breaks most fresh ground, but is farthest removed from the subject of the Russian Revolution. While the influence of Russia—at first positive and wholly negative, was considerable on particular occasions, the fundamental change over the period occurred in the western socialist parties in the first half century, from a class to a nationally based and, from socialism to a nationalist-labour politics within a national framework, owed little directly or indirectly to Moscow. The moment was 1914 not 1917. Mr. McInnes's subject has many interesting insights, and being unfortunately dogmatic and not particularly conclusive, invites further reflection.

The other essays have a more familiar look. Hugh Seton-Watson writes knowledgeably of the nationality problems in the multi-national U.S.S.R. Peter Wiles, a well-established virtuoso, displays his usual combination of paradox, perversity and brilliant observation in demonstrating that the U.S.S.R. owes more to Western economies than the West owes to Soviet economics. Richard Lowenthal in an essay entitled "The Model of the Totalitarian State", surveys the proliferation round the world, from Turkey via China to Ghana, of the one-party state. The only notable absentees seem to be Indonesia and Vietnam. But the catchword "totalitarian" gets stretched pretty far in the process. And is it really necessary to attribute to Hitler "the purpose of a total transformation of society in accordance with an ideological vision"?

This collection of very disparate contributions, which have nothing to do with one another, and might a century ago have appeared as independent articles in the big quarterlies, is linked together by a characteristically sweeping introduction by Professor Arnold Toynbee, who ends by asking whether "in the world of the Judaic religions" Soviet communism does not play "the traditional role of the Devil, alias Satan or Iblis". He adds that capitalism no doubt performs the same service for the communist world, and consolingly concludes that, since we no longer believe in a theological Devil, some "convincing replacement" may be "one of the necessities of social life". All in all, in spite of much merit in detail, this is a pointless book.

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Social Psychology

HOMO SAPIENTIOR

ARTHUR KOESTLER: *The Ghost in the Machine*. 384pp. Hutchinson. £2 2s.

The Ghost in the Machine is a book which sets out to deal with the perils of *homo sapiens* in his present condition. It does so in a way which is not at all commonly chosen: by leaning heavily on biological sciences, and at the same time expounding a militant philosophy of science, and trying out a new—or relatively new—brand of explanatory model. Some idea of the contents of *The Ghost in the Machine* has already been given, in advance of publication, to readers of the newspaper press; some is spread about the dust-jacket of the book itself; a careful summary of the explanatory model forms an appendix at the end; and most of the chapters end also with short summaries. This suggests that the central argument is not all that simple and that any comments on it, to be meaningful, had best be offered on the basis of yet another attempt to identify the main elements of Mr. Koestler's strategy. All the more so, perhaps, because *The Ghost in the Machine*, like its predecessor *The Act of Creation*, reveals its author's Rabelaisian appetite for scientific learning derived from half a dozen branches of human inquiry, and results, as he admits, in some difficulty for the reader who wants to see the connexions between the chapters in "the book as a whole".

Mr. Koestler has on earlier occasions stated his belief that nearly all academic psychologists are ratomorphic. By this he means that their only concern is to observe and measure phenomena of stimulus and response and for preference the behaviour of rats doing relatively simple things—pressing bars or seeking food in a maze. Whether or not they criticize the grand old dogmas of Behaviourism, they are in the grip of a tradition which only attends to relations of stimulus and response; they use "an antiquated slot-machine model based on the naively mechanistic world-view of the nineteenth century". The objects of their study are by necessary consequence little bits of behaviour, atomistic and doomed to insignificance, and the fruits of their labour are largely nugatory. So much for the *entrée en matière*: polemical and negative.

Act I follows with a grand alternative, the theory of "holons". In any organism, he suggests, the parts are to be seen not as juxtaposed, independent bits but as "holons", that is, coherent units which are at one and the same time autonomous ("self-assertive") and dependent ("integrative"). In an army the battalion has tactical autonomy but exercises it within the limits of orders handed down by brigade; so too the section within the ministry or the local office of the tax inspectorate. The term holon may be applied to any stable biological or social sub-whole which displays rule-governed behaviour and/or structural Gestalt-constancy. Thus organelles and homologous organs are evolutionary holons; morphogenetic fields are autogenetic holons; the ethologist's "fixed action patterns" and the sub-routines of acquired skills are behavioural holons; phonemes, morphemes, words, phrases, are linguistic holons; individuals, families, tribes, nations are social holons.

Holons are related hierarchically, like army formations: at a given level they operate within the "code of rules" laid down at the level "above", but exercise autonomy in response to external challenges. The responses may be classified as "strategies". Now a top-level strategist (say a government) cannot make all the detailed decisions needed at lower levels—its "strategies" may be "codes" dictated to a sub-whole. This in turn brings up the idea that for any stable organism of some complexity, whether animal or social, a hierarchy of appropriate "depth" and "span", many levels, many sub-wholes may reasonably be looked for and found.

This schema demonstrates the Rabelaisian appetite referred to. The theory is first introduced with an example drawn from linguistics (the schema given on page 30 for generating a sentence antedates Chomsky to whom it is attributed, but these slips are inevitable); then it is applied to social systems, then to inanimate systems, to cell biology, to embryology, to ethology; also to phenomena of memory or pattern-learning. If one has any quarrel with Mr. Koestler at this point, other than over particular pieces of casuistry in the application of his hierarchic structures, it is in the matter of presentation. To take the first example first: having at the start discovered the excitement of generative grammars, he gives more rein to his enthusiasm than is strictly necessary for the first stage of his argument. The enthusiasm is fine: he need not apologize for "waxing lyrical about matters which can be found in any popular science book", because he usually performs rather better than the authors of such books; but even lyric poets have sometimes benefited by not expressing all they had to say, and with a complex argument ahead there is really some need for self-restraint. All the more so since, having launched hierarchies and holons, he plunges us directly into control systems, illustrated again by wide references to perception, nest-building, the economy of the beehive, memory, instinct, skills, comes back to control systems, homeostasis—all for their bearing on hierarchy theory, or vice versa, within the schema which opened Act I. This operation is *exceedingly* involved and elaborate. One wishes, for Mr. Koestler's sake, that he could have encompassed it more simply.

Act II is much better and begins well. "Flat-earth science explains mental evolution by random tries preserved by selective reinforcement (Behaviourist learning-theory again) and biological evolution by random mutations . . . preserved by natural selection." Evolutionary theory is a war between Darwinians and Lamarckist objectors; neither side looks plausible. The latter cannot offer good evidence that acquired characteristics are in fact transmitted; the Darwinians, despite sophistication, produce a theory dependent on such uncanny coincidence, or requiring a time-scale so fabulously in excess even of geological time (to allow for the infinitely improbable conjunctions of mutations [illegible] to produce all that goes, say, into determining a functionally efficient egg-in-a-shell system) that "mutation 'plus' natural selection" do not really give a credible view of evolution.

What can be done? Mr. Koestler begins by looking at those *strategies* of embryos in which "developmental homeostasis" might be accounted for not by a genetic blueprint of staggering elaborateness, but "by the concept of a genetic canon of rules" operating in a hierarchic control system. Phylogeny is a bit more difficult, and demands a careful choice of compatible witnesses and evidence. Following Waddington, he entertains a view of mutation introducing change not to an isolated single character in the "individual" but to a coherent code relevant to an organic "sub-whole", and within the limits of a finite number of acceptable variations of the code (this leads into excursions on homology, Goethe's *Pflanzenmorphologie*, and D'Arcy Thompson's transformations). From here we go to *paedomorphosis*—the idea that evolutionary novelty may be derived from the embryonic stage of the ancestor and fixed in the adult state of the descendant: this is generalized in the formula *reculer pour mieux sauter*, and followed up at once in the history of ideas (not of social revolutions). It is at this stage that Mr. Koestler summarizes the general thesis of *The Act of Creation* on human inventiveness, adding to it the refinement of a paedomorphological schema which is not without interest but seems—and is—irrelevant at this point to the main argument.

We approach the end of Act II, therefore, with a whole cluster of suggestive notions in the air: evolution through coded genetic hierarchical systems, evolution through paedomorphosis (both biological and by loose analogy intellectual); and finally a doctrine of ontogenetic *nisus*, a very important strand in the rope designed to complete the refutation of nineteenth-century mechanism—evolutionary teleology being a no less plausible or respectable presupposition than neo-Darwinian mechanistic assumptions (provided we conceive it as the functional *nisus* of things we identify as structures or holons rather than of large and romantic abstractions).

At this point we might expect a chapter to be devoted to bringing these notions together. Having got rid of Behaviourism and other mechanistic obstructions, the way is clear for a shot at a new kind of evolutionary anthropology; we might have gone beyond homeostats to a more synthetic study of innovational goal-seeking in several contexts. Instead, Act II closes with a rather uncomfortable piece on the problem of mind, from which the most positive conclusion seems to be that consciousness "is an emergent quality, which evolves into more complex and structured states in phylogeny as the ultimate manifestation of the Integrative Tendency towards the creation of Order, out of Disorder".

Act III is about disorder, about man's predicament. Briefly: we cannot control our misbehaviour but behave like mad (not sane) animals although we possess a gigantic and largely unexploited thinking device. This plight is due to the incompletely integrated limbic (primitive) and neocortical (more recently evolved) brain centres, and to a tendency for self-assertion and integrative functions in the former not to operate in satisfactory equilibrium. Evolution has let us down: order and hierarchic stability are lacking. This is lavishly exemplified. Unfortunately, there remains scope for confusion. The thug's allegiance to his group is undoubtedly "integrative", even if it is an unsatisfied "self-assertiveness" which impels him to it. The group is self-assertive in the larger society on which it preys, Athenian democracy is "self-assertive" in the comity of the Ancient World. However this may be, demographic, social and technological change are proceeding today at such unprecedented speed that (like baboons in a shrinking cage) national and international societies face stresses which must soon become unbearable, and there is a high probability that the human race will obliterate itself.

Mr. Koestler's remedy is heroic. Medical science must devise prophylactic stabilizing drugs by the aid of which "an artificially simulated adaptive mutation" might be brought about "to bridge the rift between the phylogenetically old and new brain, between instinct and intellect".

The genetic implications of this proposal are not explored. One assumes that the word "mutation" is not being used lightly: it seems to imply the need for rather basic research to be undertaken pretty promptly. What makes for still further anxiety about the idea, and indeed about the whole Third Act, is a string of questions prompted by Mr. Koestler's own previous themes. What about a glance at *successful* adaptations, in the past history of human ecology, before concluding that we must convert the world to drugs when the world refuses to be converted to nuclear disarmament? Again, there have existed, and still exist, peaceful societies: they may not be many, nor large, but is that not enough to show that neocortex and limbic centres can [illegible] in the citizens' brains without disastrous social or personal results? What about paedomorphosis, expounded in the Gospels and in other teachings, at any rate in the cultural sphere? Or finally, even supposing that a world-wide administration of drugs were one day to shield all citizens from succumbing to violence or other forms of irrational or regressive behaviour (whether at elections, football matches, mating-time, or over frontier disputes), is it suggested that a new and better man, *Homo Sapientior*, would never again have to face situations which might usefully arouse indignation (and excite to unusual efforts)—situations such as maldistribution of resources, oversights by motor drivers, neglect of children, or unavoidable conflict of interest between groups? If so, then the Earthly Paradise would indeed be here, and *Homo Sapientior* would be the envy of the angels.

Act III does not deal with these questions. Fortunately, *The Ghost in the Machine* is well worth reading without its final section—that is, a different book from the one described in the first sentence of this review. It is not, of course, a popular introduction to linguistics or psychology or genetics, &c.: Mr. Koestler has a keen nose for challenging points of view which serve his general purpose, but he does not (why should he?) [illegible] the technical difficulties which a specialist [illegible] provides these views may be grappling with. The general purpose is the study of control hierarchies in their diversity; it will madden some (especially the specialist who resents this kind of adventurousness and takes issue on a detail); but it will intrigue others.

This kind of inquiry has become rather infrequent of late years, though long ago it was common enough to build systems on ideas from particular sciences. Sometimes the effect has been beneficial, sometimes not; much hangs on chance conjunctures. Even within a single area of discourse it is common for explanatory models to give blindingly self-evident results in one instance, but very dubious enlightenment in another. All the more so when the theory is claimed to have such a comprehensive range of application as Mr. Koestler's [illegible] of holons. The carpenter, after all, uses a saw to sever, a plane to smooth and so on. The physical chemist or the economist uses an equally wide range of mathematical tools. The adjustable-head, all-purpose golf club was outlawed some years ago—but it was never much good as a club, even for the limited range of operations that golfers have to perform. History suggests that philosophers have been of most use not when, like Aristotle or Comte, they forced a single method or tool on the empirical-laborers but when they discredited the blinkers inherited from earlier thought-systems and made it easier for other people to see farther round the side. But perhaps all that is secondary. Perhaps the important thing about *The Ghost in the Machine* is simply the view it affords of an original and restless mind seeking to enlarge the survival chances of some kind of rational humanism—if not against the risk of final self-immolation, then at least through and beyond the noisy idolatry of the ratomorphs.

NOBEL PRIZE
1967
Miguel Angel
ASTURIAS
The Cyclone 32s 6d
The Mulatta and Mister Fly 42s
Other Asturias books in preparation
The 4th Nobel Prize winner published by
PETER OWEN

THE MADMAN WITHIN

HENRI MICHAUX: *Les Grandes épreuves de l'esprit et les innombrables petites*. 207pp. Paris: Gallimard. 15fr.

A great deal of both public and scientific mystification about the personal and social effects of psychedelic drugs derives not from the lack of conventional quantified information but from the remarkable dearth of accurate phenomenological description of the "inside" of the drug experience. No writer has done so much to correct this deficiency as Henri Michaux. In his poetic descriptions of cannabis and LSD experiences he never falls into the error of universalizing beyond the personal but at the same time, without contrivance, points to the possibilities of others. He points to the experiential realities and the efforts of transcendence of both officially labelled madmen and the madman secreted within each of us.

In this volume, more than in his previous works, M. Michaux attempts a more systematic presentation of his thought and its underlying categories. For instance, although this tends to be relegated to a sort of footnote status, he demonstrates his awareness of the family conditioning of "schizophrenic" experience. Certainly he has undertaken no rigorous study of this growing point in the psychiatric, or "anti-psychiatric" understanding of madness. But it is implicitly evident that he grasps its essence, namely, the intelligibility of disintegrative experience.

Then again he writes more explicitly about the discipline of entry into chaos, under the drug, and the cautious emergence from this chaos. There is some sort of ideal madness that all of us need in order to renew ourselves. Psychedelic drugs may judiciously be used in the pursuit of this project. But before we engage in this project of disalienation, of existential death and re-birth, we have to be sure enough of a sustained level of awareness that will guarantee the fact of re-birth.

There is little comfort in this book for those seeking an escapist "high". Always M. Michaux underlines the tormented, negative side of his experiences. But this is nothing new for him. What is new is a greater clarity of argument, though not at the expense of inspirational force, and a more evident sense of social connexion. He sees the position of socially designated madmen who parallel his psychedelic experiences not only with empathy and sympathy but also, now, with comprehension. And he remains through all this a poet.

Il vaut peut-être la peine à qui s'est mis dans cette situation infernale de savoir que le même flux désorganisateur, le même afflux forcené qui déborde de toutes parts, pour lequel vous n'avez pas d'emploi, que vous ne pouvez ni retenir, ni contenir, qui vous affole [illegible] même désorganisateur peut devenir, à qui sait s'y prendre, le tremplin même de la transcendance.

M. Michaux perhaps means here that one day in each of us there must be a meeting of sanity and madness through which we shall arrive at the possibility of no longer needing to victimize *other* people as the lunatics and the violent ones who we all supposedly are not. We are all headed for the same narrow gate and the "backward" ones are [illegible] ahead of the rest of us.

Fiction

POIGNANT

BORIS VIAN: *Froth on the Daydream*. Translated from the French by Stanley Chapman. 221pp. Rapp and Carroll. 25s.

The late Boris Vian has at last arrived in English, and so right for the times are the generous values he wrote and lived by that he might have been summoned from France by the bells of flower-people. *Froth on the Daydream* is a translation of his saddest and sharpest novel, *L'Ecume des jours* (which had a long review in the *TLS* on February 6, 1964). The title is a *wretched* choice and a blot on Stanley Chapman's translation, which has been done with a kindly ingenuity that more than justifies his membership of the Collège de Pataphysique. His only dubious move has been to up-date some of the novel's allusions; a reference to the film *Hollywood Canteen*, for example, has been turned into a joke on the name of Jean-Luc Godard, the sort of disloyalty that threatens to snip through the book's close and joyful ties with post-Liberation Paris—the city of "surprise-parties", Negro jazz and Sartre-worship.

Like all Boris Vian's best work *Froth on the Daydream* starts with fun and ends, literally here, with funerals. It takes its shape, in fact, from life itself, seen bitterly as a whole, because Vian never doubted that youth and holidays were right and death and work wrong. But it is also a novel that celebrates the freedom of language to take leave of our senses and create its own fantastic environment through word-play. Nor does Vian give up these methods when things start to go wrong for his spotless young lovers and friends, with the result that the feyness of the beginning is redeemed by the deep bitterness it leads up to. It is a pity that the publishers should quote Raymond Queneau on the dust-jacket as having called *Froth on the Daydream* "the greatest love novel of our time" when the word he is recorded as having used was "poignant". The first claim would be a silly one, the second is well worth arguing about.

UNBURDENING

A. L. BARKER: *The Middling*. 288pp. The Hogarth Press. 25s.

It doesn't make much sense to speak of the "frankness" or "honesty" of a fictional narrator—after all, if the reader is put in the position of confidant, he has to accept what he's told as the whole truth, since no other version is available to him. This involves the kind of blackmailed sympathy on which Miss Barker plays most skilfully in her new novel, because when Ellie Toms "tells all" of four fairly horrific chapters in her life, she makes no attempt at self-justification beyond the occasional "Things went wrong. I didn't" comment, and you find yourself, however unfond of her, admiring the courage and determination with which she pursues her chosen pattern of self-destruction.

The first "chapter" seems a little too like others in the childhoods of ill-starred fictional narrators. Ellie, whose working-class parents ask only that she eats, sleeps, and keeps clean, decides to help her snivelling cousin Lydie acquire the parental love she unaccountably seems to long for. So Lydie is hidden, parents are scared, and Ellie succeeds, before the axe falls, in fixing suspicion on an elderly bachelor, Colonel Gabbitas. What she cannot know then is how the colonel gets his revenge by showing Ellie that she had, unknowingly, been quite right in pointing the finger at him. So that, when she is at the hermaphrodite schoolgirl age and in love with clever Laura, Ellie suffers and bursts out with frenzied disgust at the sight of Laura's passion for the local chemist—"one bright, still core" even with the counter between them. It takes a bearded bohemian of six foot four to coax Ellie into bed at eighteen, but here again a third, bird-like hanger-on called Harrybee arrives to ruin any chance of happiness and has to be pushed, in pyjamas, into the freezing night. The final "chapter"—and, if one sees in all four, as it's hard not to, complete short stories, quite the best—is when middle-aged Ellie, somehow married to a kind man and with nice teenage children, has recently emerged from an alcoholics' home and is despatched for a nightmare week of convalescence with an omni-present, knitting-needle-clicking, unsnubable horror of a nurse. Now, for the first time, Ellie knows she has gone wrong somehow by ignoring other people, or perhaps simply by asking too much honesty of them. Anything, even murder on your conscience and the shocked revulsion of society, seems preferable to the smug philosophy of the psychiatrist and her kindly minions.

Miss Barker burns each sentence on to the page, determined it shall strike the reader with new, often savage significance. This is not to say that the occasional high-flown images and melodramatic categorical challenges do not fit Ellie's character or the mood of the book. But Miss Barker is at her best when Ellie, who is quite a wit, allows a little cynicism to colour her conversations, and lets the irony of her own life lend a dead-pan intelligent comedy to quite ordinary, depressing scenes.

SPACEMEN

NIGEL BALCHIN: *Kings of Infinite Space*. 256pp. Collins. 25s.

In *Kings of Infinite Space* Nigel Balchin takes off to the moon and beyond (the time is 1969). At first the reader is aware of the same sort of lack that niggles at him in the Bible story of Lazarus; it occurs to nobody to ask the returned wanderer how he got on over there. Similarly, when Zenno, the Italian geologist, takes part in a successful flight to the moon, nobody, not even his beautiful wife Isa, comes out with the clamouring question: What was it *like*?

But Mr. Balchin, a most intelligent and accomplished writer, is gradually able to soothe our impatience away. He makes us aware, in the neatest manner, of the central point he is making in the book—that he is artfully working up to anti-climax.

Lewis, the narrator and central character, a physiology don from Cambridge, England, tells, with an excellent eye for detail, the story of his eighteen-month spell of training in the United States for a flight deep into space. And as he develops this, the other-worldly, impersonal world of the space-folk—both astronauts and ground crew—is convincingly sketched in.

But then, with all his tests endured and all the simulations surmounted, Lewis is baulked of his journey because he is seriously injured in a car-crash on his way to Cape Kennedy and the launching-pad. Julian, his luscious scientific female friend (not very credible, this girl), tape-records his mind-wanderings in hospital during the critical stages before his recovery. "If we are to be Kings of Infinite Space", says the play-back, "we need more qualifications than a degree in engineering . . . . Our machines can travel faster than our minds can travel with them . . . . Our technical skill has outrun our imagination . . . ."

The point has been made before of course. But it's an important one, and can't be made too often. Here Mr. Balchin makes it with the deftness and sparkling narrative skill we have come to expect from him.

PIGMENT

JEROME HARTENFELS: *Lazarus*. 307pp. Calder and Boyars. 35s.

Written in English by a German-born writer who is, presumably, white, *Lazarus* is a powerful and remarkable novel. Its hero, a West Indian immigrant, is nameless at the opening of the book. After arriving in London as a student he gradually slips into the anonymity of the half-world of coloured London. From student he descends to railway porter; he takes a white mistress and later takes up pimping. A phantasmagoric race riot forces him to abandon his girl to the mob in order to save his black skin.

Shortly after this he finds himself in the hands of the Institute, a bewildering compound of psychiatric hospital, Inquisition, concentration camp, secret service, and militant religious order. He is given the identity of Lazarus, and forced to write the autobiography which forms the novel.

Lazarus is written in the apocalyptic vein, and is close in both thesis and technique to Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*—both explore one Negro's search for an identity within a society which seeks to break him down, to brainwash him, and finally to use him. Mr. Hartenfels's book is a neater, less important book than Ellison's, but it is genuine. Its presentation of its hero's twilight London, and its observation of speech and manners show an unusual talent. Like Ellison, Mr. Hartenfels employs a virtuoso structure of surrealism, Kafkaesque displacement, stinging satire, comedy, and unmitigated violence to present the extremity of his hero's predicament. *Lazarus* is [illegible] point, is that reality [illegible]

Among recent publications in Alianza Editorial's well-produced paperback series "El Libro de Bolsillo" are Miguel Delibes's novel *La partida*, which first appeared in 1954, and *Cosas; Los dos de siempre* by Alfonso Castelao (1886-1950).

DADDY'S GIRLS

YVONNE MITCHELL: *The Family*. 232pp. Heinemann. 25s.

Far too much raw material is packed into this novel, with the result that the reader grows confused and tends to confine his interest to the strand of the story that seems closest to the author's heart. This is the picture, full of feeling, of the lives of three small girls whose mother is dead and whose rich and horrible father terrorizes them with mental tests, kisses more like a vampire's than a daddy's, and chauffeur-driven tours of the sights of London, with frequent forcible stops for the little girls to be sick into the gutter. Boarding school is only slightly better; Esther, the one we learn most about, suffers agonizing chilblains and decides that self-abnegation and writing poetry are her only comforts. She grows up to become an actress and for her the father, remarried and asthmatic, dwindles into a pathetic figure. Her elder sister, though, does not conquer the fears he implanted in her and retreats into nervous collapse.

The huge encircling family of aunts and great-uncles and cousins never really takes hold of the attention, in spite of the family tree provided. Consequently Esther's triumphant escape from the stifling Jewish bourgeois environment never seems quite as difficult as it is meant to; it simply strikes us as *the* inevitable consequence of her own willpower and intelligence.

POT LUCK

ADAM DIMENT: *The Dolly Dolly Spy*. 191pp. Michael Joseph. 21s.

The new O.K. spy takes hash with his girl, as knowledgeable about it as any vinophile with his tipple, but is still full of high moral resolve. And the new enemy in this gripping first novel is *not* the Chinese. Mr. Diment shows some uncertainty about where to start the story, and allows our hero to stop being frightened of his late employers before he could learn it was safe to do so.

Jessamyn West
A Matter of Time
An ingeniously constructed and beautifully observed story of two sisters by the author of *Friendly Persuasion*. "A novel that exceeds the boundaries of fiction and enters life." *Life Magazine* 25s

Shirley Hazzard
People in Glass Houses
"Miss Hazzard is a serious comic writer because of her remarkable sensitivity to, and control of, English. Her heightened consciousness of speech, her gift for catching and pinning the banalities and self-betrayals of officials struggling in the benign but deadening grip of a great International peace Organisation, has directed her attention to what is behind the debased language." Roger Gard, *New Statesman* 21s

John McIntosh
The Thorn Trees
A run-down farm in Bechuanaland is the backdrop for this vividly evoked story of a young girl's longing to meet a modern knight in shining armour to help her escape the curious bondage of a hard-drinking, goldstruck father. 25s

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A. D. Maclean (Editor)
Patrick White, Thomas MacIntyre, Christine Brooke-Rose, V. S. Pritchett, John Wain, Jean Stubbs, Penelope Agnes Bennett, Stephen Vizinczey, Frank O'Connor, and Kathleen Farrell contribute to this year's bumper collection. 25s

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Zulfikar Ghose
Jets from Orange
Zulfikar Ghose, who has just received an Arts Council Poetry Bursary, has that rare gift among contemporary poets: the ability to move. His sharp images, rhythms and clarity of meaning make his poems a memorable experience. 21s

Patricia Beer
Just Like the Resurrection
Patricia Beer's third volume of poetry develops many of the themes proposed in her first two collections, both Poetry Society Choices; particularly that of the reciprocal relations between the living and the dead. The poems are thoughtful and full of music. 21s

Nicolas Haines
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When political argument stops democracy is losing heart. This book aims to keep the conversation going. It is an exercise in political argument on the level of general principles and values. 30s

Ralph Davis
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This is the first major attempt to examine British general election results and to relate them to patterns of religious allegiance, social status, occupations and local loyalties. 70s

W. A. C. Stewart and W. P. McCann
Educational Innovators
The first part of a two-volume study of progressive education in England, covering roughly the period 1750-1880, in which the authors show how educational innovation in England started even before the influence of Rousseau. 8pp plates 70s

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Third Edition
Professor Hitti takes into account the many changes that have occurred in the last decade, so that his famous book upholds its position as an invaluable general reference book. 84s

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This completely revised book shows how economic theory can contribute to the profitable solution of some major problems of management. 36s, Papermac 18s

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With an Epilogue by Donald Southgate 30s

MACMILLAN

Social Psychology

HOMO SAPIENTIOR

ARTHUR KOESTLER: *The Ghost in the Machine*. 384pp. Hutchinson. £2 2s.

The Ghost in the Machine is a book which sets out to deal with the perils of *homo sapiens* in his present condition. It does so in a way which is not at all commonly chosen: by leaning heavily on biological sciences, and at the same time expounding a militant philosophy of science, and trying out a new—or relatively new- brand of explanatory model. Some idea of the contents of *The Ghost in the Machine* has already been given, in advance of publication, to readers of the newspaper press: some is spread about the dust-jacket of the book itself; a careful summary of the explanatory model forms an appendix at the end; and most of the chapters end also with short summaries. This suggests that the central argument is not all that simple and that any comments on it, to be meaningful, had best be offered on the basis of yet another attempt to identify the main elements of Mr. Koestler's strategy. All the more so, perhaps, because *The Ghost in the Machine*, like its predecessor *The Act of Creation*, reveals its author's Rabelaisian appetite for scientific learning derived from half a dozen branches of human inquiry, and results, as he admits, in some difficulty for the reader who wants to see the connexions between the chapters in "the book as a whole".

Mr. Koestler has on earlier occasions stated his belief that nearly all academic psychologists are ratomorphic. By this he means that their only concern is to observe and measure phenomena of stimulus and response and for preference the behaviour of rats doing relatively simple things—pressing bars or seeking food in a maze. Whether or not they criticize the grand old dogmas of Behaviourism, they are in the grip of a tradition which only attempts to relations of stimulus and response; they use "an antiquated slot-machine model based on the naively mechanistic world-view of the nineteenth century". The objects of their study are by necessary consequence little bits of behaviour, atomistic and doomed to insignificance, and the fruits of their labour are largely nugatory. So much for the *entrée en matière*: polemical and negative.

Act I follows with a grand alternative, the theory of "holons". In any organism, he suggests, the parts are to be seen not as juxtaposed, independent bits but as "holons", that is, coherent units which are at once and the same time autonomous ("self-assertive") and dependent ("integrative"). In an army the battalion has tactical autonomy but exercises it within the limits of orders handed down by brigade; so too the section within the ministry or the local office of the tax inspectorate. The term holon may be applied to any stable biological or social subwhole which displays rule-governed routines of acquired skills are behavioural holons; phonemes, morphemes, words, phrases, are linguistic holons; individuals, families, tribes, nations are social holons.

Holons are related hierarchically, like army formations; at a given level they operate within the "code of rules" laid down at the level "above", but exercise autonomy in response to external challenges. The responses may be classified as "strategies". Now a top-level strategist (say a government) cannot make all the detailed decisions needed at lower levels—its "strategies" may be "codes" dictated to a sub-whole. This in turn brings up the idea that for any stable organism of some complexity, whether animal or social, a hierarchy of appropriate "depth" and "span", many levels, many subwholes may reasonably be looked for and found.

This schema demonstrates the Rabelaisian appetite referred to. The theory is first introduced with an example drawn from linguistics (the schema given on page 30 for generating a sentence antedates Chomsky to whom it is attributed, but these slips are inevitable); then it is applied to social systems, then to inanimate systems, to cell biology, to embryology, to ethology; also to phenomena of memory or pattern-learning. If one has any quarrel with Mr. Koestler at this point, other than over particular pieces of casuistry in the application of his hierarchic structures, it is in the matter of presentation. To take the first example first: having at the start discovered the excitement of generative grammars, he gives more rein to his enthusiasm than is strictly necessary for the first stage of his argument. The enthusiasm is fine: he need not apologize for "waxing lyrical" about matters which can be found in any popular science book" because he usually performs rather better than the authors of such books: but even lyric poets have sometimes benefited by not expressing all they had to say, and with a complex argument ahead there is really some need for self-restraint. All the more so since having launched hierarchies and holons, he plunges us directly into control systems, illustrated again by side references to perception, nest building, the economy of the beehive, memory, instinct, skills, comes back to control systems, homeostasis—all for this bearing on hierarchy, theory or vice versa, within the schema which opened Act I. This operation is *exceedingly* involved and elaborate. One wishes, for Mr. Koestler's sake, that he could have compressed it more simply.

Act II is much better and begins well. Flat-earth science explains mental evolution by random rules preserved by selective reinforcement (Behaviourist learning theory) again; and biological evolution by random mutations "preserved by natural selection". Evolutionary theory is a war between Darwinian and Lamarckian objectors; neither side looks plausible. The latter cannot offer good evidence that acquired characteristics are ever transmitted; the Darwinians, especially sophistication, pretend to a theory dependent on such uncertainty as chance variation, requiring a time-scale of millions of years to work out—a theory which is itself infinitely improbable. Between the two, the history of ideas (not of social revolutions). It is *at this* stage that Mr. Koestler summarizes the general thesis of *The Act of Creation* on human inventiveness, adding to it the refinement of a paedomorphological schema which is not without interest but seems—and is— irrelevant at this point to the main argument.

We approach the end of Act II, therefore, with a whole cluster of suggestive notions in the air: evolution through coded genetic hierarchical systems, evolution through paedomorphosis (both biological and by loose analogy intellectual); and finally a doctrine of ontogenetic *nisus*; a very important strand in the rope designed to complete the refutation of nineteenth-century mechanism—evolutionary teleology being a no less plausible or respectable presupposition than neo-Darwinian mechanistic assumptions (provided we conceive it as the functional *nisus* of *things* we identify as structures or holons rather than of large and romantic abstractions).

At this point we might expect a chapter to be devoted to bringing these notions together. Having got rid of Behaviourism and other mechanistic obstructions, the way is clear for a shot at a new kind of evolutionary anthropology; we might have gone beyond homeostats to a more synthetic study of innovational goal-seeking in several contexts. Instead, Act II closes with a rather uncomfortable piece on the problem of mind, from which the most positive conclusion seems to be that consciousness "is an emergent quality, which evolves into more complex and structured states in phylogeny as the ultimate manifestation of the Integrative Tendency [illegible] creation of Order [illegible] Disorder".

Act III is about disorder; about man's predicament. Briefly: we cannot control our misbehaviour but behave like mad (not sane) animals although we possess a gigantic and largely unexploited thinking device. Madness is due to the incompletely integrated limbic (primitive) and neocortical (more recently evolved) brain centres, and to a tendency for self-assertion and integrative functions in the former not to operate in satisfactory equilibrium. Evolution has let us down: order and hierarchic stability are lacking. This is lavishly exemplified. Unfortunately, there remains scope for confusion. The thug's allegiance to his group is undoubtedly "integrative", even if it is an unsatisfied "self-assertiveness" which impels him to do it. The group psychiatric or "anti-psychiatric" self-assertiveness in the larger society our which is prey. Athenian democracy is "self-assertive" in the vicinity of the Ancient World, however this may be demographic, political and technological change are [illegible] depleted speed this [illegible] in a [illegible] sharpening [illegible] nations and [illegible] nation [illegible] [illegible] must soon become unbearable, and there is a high probability that the human race will obliterate itself.

Mr. Koestler's remedy is heroic. Medical science must devise prophylactic stabilizing drugs by the aid of which "an artificially simulated adaptive mutation" might be brought about "to bridge the rift between the phylogenetically old and new brain, between instinct and intellect".

The genetic implications of this proposal are not explored. One assumes that the word "mutation" is not being used lightly: it seems to imply the need for rather basic research to be undertaken pretty promptly. What makes for still further anxiety about the idea, and indeed about the whole Third Act, is a string of questions prompted by Mr. Koestler's own previous themes. What about a glance at *successful* adaptations, in the past history of human ecology, before concluding that we must convert the world to drugs when the world refuses to be converted to nuclear disarmament? Again, there have existed, and still exist, peaceful societies; they may not be many, nor large, but is that not enough to show that neocortex and limbic system can get on in the citizens' brains without disastrous social or personal results? What about paedomorphosis, expounded in the Gospels and in other teachings, at any rate in the cultural sphere? Or finally, even supposing that a world-wide administration of drugs were one day to shield all citizens from succumbing to violence or other forms of irrational or regressive behaviour (whether at elections, football matches, mating-time, or over frontier disputes), is it suggested that a new and better man, *Homo Sapientior*, would never again have to face situations which might usefully arouse indignation (and excite to unusual efforts)—situations such as maldistribution of resources, oversights by motor drivers, neglect of children, or unavoidable conflict of interest between groups? If so, then the Earthly Paradise would indeed be here, and *Homo Sapientior* would be the envy of the angels: [illegible]

Act III does not deal with these questions. Fortunately, *The Ghost in the Machine* is well worth reading without its final section—that is, a different book from the one described in the first sentence of this review. It is not, of course, a popular introduction to linguistics or psychology or genetics, &c.; Mr. Koestler has been summoned from France by the bells of flower-people. *Frothon the Daydream* is a translation of his liveliest and sharpest novel. *L'Ecume des jours* (which had a long review in the *TLS* on February 6, 1964). The title is a wretched choice and a blot on Stanley Chapman's translation, which has been done with a kindly ingenuity that more than justifies his membership of the Collège de Pataphysique. His only dubious move has been to up-date some of the novel's allusions; a reference to the film *Hollywood Canteen*, for example, has been turned into a joke on the name of Jean-Luc Godard, the sort of disloyalty that threatens to snip through the book's close and joyful ties with post-Liberation Paris—the city of "surprise-parties", Negro jazz and Sartre-worship.

Like all Boris Vian's best work *Froth on the Daydream* starts with fun and ends, literally here, with funerals. It takes its shape, in fact, from life itself, seen bitterly as a duel between love and death and work wrong. But it is also a novel that celebrates the freedom of language to take leave of our senses and create its own fantastic environment through word-play. Nor does Vian give up these methods when things start to go wrong for his spotless young lovers and friends, with the result that the feyness of the beginning is redeemed by the deep bitterness it lends up to. It is a pity that the publishers should quote Raymond Queneau on the dust-jacket as having called *Froth on the Daydream* "the greatest love novel of our time" when the word he is recorded as having used was "poignant". The first claim would be a silly one, the second is well worth arguing about.

THE MADMAN WITHIN

HENRI MICHAUX: *Les Grandes épreuves de l'esprit et les innombrables petites*. 207pp. Paris: Gallimard. 15fr.

A great deal of both public and scientific mystification about the personal and social effects of psychedelic drugs derives not from the lack of conventional quantified information but from the remarkable dearth of accurate phenomenological description of the "inside" of the drug experience. No writer has done so much to correct this deficiency as [illegible] descriptions of cannabis and LSD experiences he never fails into the error of universalizing beyond the personal but at the same time, without contrivance, points to the possibilities of others. He points to the experiential realities and the efforts of transcendence of both officially labelled madness and the madman secreted within each of us.

In this volume, more than in his previous works, M. Michaux attempts a more systematic presentation of his thought and its underlying categories. For instance, although this tends to be relegated to a sort of footnote status, he demonstrates his awareness of the family conditioning of schizophrenic experience. Certainly he has undertaken no rigorous study of this growing point in the psychiatric or "anti-psychiatric" understanding of madness. But it is implicitly evident that he grasps its essence, namely, the intelligibility of disintegrative experience.

Then again he writes more explicitly about the discipline of entry into trance under the drug, and the curious emergence from this chaos. There is some sort of ideal madness that is not as need in order to renew ourselves. Psychedelic drugs may judiciously be used in the pursuit of this project. But before we engage in this project of dialienation, of existential death and re-birth, we have to be sure enough of a sustained level of awareness that will guarantee the fact of re-birth.

There is little comfort in this book for those seeking an escapist "high". Always M. Michaux underlines the tormented, negative side of his experiences. But this is nothing new for him. What is new is a greater clarity of argument, though not at the expense of inspirational force, and a more evident sense of social connexion. He sees the position of socially designated madmen who parallel his psychedelic experiences not only with empathy and sympathy but also, now, with comprehension. And he reminds us, through all this a poet.

Il vaut peut-être la peine à qui vit ma dans cette situation infernale, de savoir que le même effort forcené qui entraîne de toutes parts, pour lequel vous n'avez pas d'emploi, que vous ne pouvez retenir, ni contenir, qui vous affole, le même désorganisateur peut devenir à qui sait s'y prendre le merveilleux instrument de la transcendance.

M. Michaux perhaps means, but that one day in each of us there might be a meeting of sanity and madness through which we shall arrive at the possibility of no longer needing to victimize *other* people as the losers and the violent. We are not supposedly, are not "we" and "they" headed for the same garrison state and the "backward" ones are not ahead of the rest of us.

PIGMENT

ISIDORE HARTENFELS: *Lazarus*. 96pp. Calder and Boyars. 35s.

Written in English by a German-born writer who is, presumably, white, *Lazarus* is a powerful and remarkable novel. Its hero, a West Indian immigrant, is nameless at the opening of the book. After arriving in London as a student he gradually slips into the anonymity of the half-world of coloured London. From student he descends to railway porter; he takes a white mistress and later takes up pimping. A phantasmagoric race riot forces him to abandon his girl to the mob in order to save his black skin.

Shortly after this he finds himself in the hands of the Institute, a bewildering compound of psychiatric hospital, Inquisition, concentration camp, secret service, and militant religious order. He is given the identity of Lazarus, and forced to write the autobiography which forms the novel.

Lazarus is written in the apocalyptic vein, and is close in both thesis and technique to Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*—both explore one Negro's search for an identity within a society which seeks to break him down, to brainwash him, and finally to use him. Mr. Hartenfels's book is a neater, less important book than Ellison's, but it is genuine. Its presentation of its hero's twilight London, and its observation of speech and manners show an unusual talent. Like Ellison, Mr. Hartenfels employs a surface texture of surrealism, a dislocating element, stinging satire, comedy, and unmitigated horror to present the extremity of the hero's predicament. *Lazarus* is [illegible] point, is that reality

Antonio Tessa's publications in Spain's editorial well-produced paperback series will Libro del Bolsillo, which first appeared in 1954. Dolores Cassinello (1886-1950).

Fiction

POIGNANT

BORIS VIAN: *Froth on the Daydream*. Translated from the French by Stanley Chapman. 221pp. Rapp and Carroll. 25s.

The late Boris Vian has at last arrived in English, and so right for the times are the generous values he wrote and lived by that he might have been summoned from France by the bells of flower-people. *Froth on the Daydream* is a translation of his liveliest and sharpest novel, *L'Ecume des jours* (which had a long review in the *TLS* on February 6, 1964). The title is a wretched choice and a blot on Stanley Chapman's translation, which has been done with a kindly ingenuity that more than justifies his membership of the Collège de Pataphysique. His only dubious move has been to up-date some of the novel's allusions; a reference to the film *Hollywood Canteen*, for example, has been turned into a joke on the name of Jean-Luc Godard, the sort of disloyalty that threatens to snip through the book's close and joyful ties with post-Liberation Paris—the city of "surprise-parties", Negro jazz and Sartre-worship.

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UNBURDENING

A. L. BARKER: *The Middling*. 288pp. The Hogarth Press. 25s.

It doesn't make much sense to speak of the "frankness" or "honesty" of a fictional narrator—after all, if the reader is put in the position of confidant, he has to accept what he's told as the whole truth, since no other version is available to him. This involves the kind of black-mailed sympathy on which Miss Barker plays most skilfully in her new novel, because when Ellie Toms "tells all" of four fairly horrific chapters in her life, she makes no attempt at self-justification beyond the occasional "Things went wrong. I didn't" comment, and you find yourself, however unfond of her, admiring the courage and determination with which she pursues her chosen pattern of self-destruction.

The first "chapter" seems a little too like others in the childhoods of ill-starred fictional narrators. Ellie, whose working-class parents ask only that she eats, sleeps, and keeps clean, decides to help her snivelling cousin Lydie acquire the parental love she unaccountably seems to long for. So Lydie is hidden, parents are scared, and Ellie succeeds, before the axe falls, in fixing suspicion on an elderly bachelor, Colonel Gabbitas. What she cannot know then is how the colonel gets his revenge. Knowing Ellie that she had, unknowingly, been quite right in pointing the finger at him. So that, when she is at the hermaphrodite schoolgirl age and in love with clever Laura, Ellie suffers and bursts out with frenzied disgust at the sight of Laura's passion for the local chemist—"one bright, still core" even with the counter between them. It takes a bearded bohemian of six foot four to coax Ellie into bed at eighteen, but here again a third, bird-like hunger-on called Harrybee arrives to ruin any chance of happiness and has to be pushed, in pyjamas, into the freezing night. The final "chapter"—and, if one sees in all four, as it's hard not to, complete short stories, quite the best—is when middle-aged Ellie, somehow married to a kind man and with nice teenage children, has recently emerged from an alcoholics' home and is despatched for a nightmare week of convalescence with an omni-present, knitting-needle-clicking, unsnubable horror of a nurse. Now, for the first time, Ellie knows she has gone wrong somehow by ignoring other people, or perhaps simply by asking too much honesty of them. Anything, even murder on your conscience and the shocked revulsion of society, seems preferable to the smug philosophy of the psychiatrist and her kindly minions.

Miss Barker burns each sentence on to the page, determined it shall strike the reader with new, often savage significance. This is not to say that the occasional high-flown images and melodramatic categorical challenges do not fit Ellie's character or the mood of the book. But Miss Barker is at her best when Ellie, who is quite a wit, allows a little cynicism to colour her conversations, and lets the irony of her own life lend a deadpan intelligent comedy to quite ordinary, depressing scenes.

SPACEMEN

NIGEL BALCHIN: *Kings of Infinite Space*. 256pp. Collins. 25s.

In *Kings of Infinite Space* Nigel Balchin takes off to the moon and beyond (the time is 1969). At first the reader is aware of the same sort of lack that niggles at him in the Bible story of Lazarus; it occurs to nobody to ask the returned wanderer how he got on over there. Similarly, when Zenno, the Italian geologist, takes part in a successful flight to the moon, nobody, not even his beautiful wife Isa, comes out with the clamouring question: What was it *like*?

But Mr. Balchin, a most intelligent and accomplished writer, is gradually able to soothe our impatience away. He makes us aware, in the neatest manner, of the central point, he is making in the book—that he is artfully working up to anti-climax.

Lewis, the narrator and central character, a physiology don from Cambridge, England, tells, with an excellent eye for detail, the story of his eighteen-month spell of training in the United States for a flight deep into space. And as he develops this, the other-worldly, impersonal world of the space-folk—both astronauts and ground crew—is convincingly sketched in.

But then, with all his tests endured and all the simulations surmounted, Lewis is baulked of his journey because he is seriously injured in a car-crash on his way to Cape Kennedy and the launching-pad. Julian, his luscious scientific female friend (not very credible, this girl), tape-records his mind-wanderings in hospital during the critical stages before his recovery. "If we are to be Kings of Infinite Space", says the play-back, "we need more qualifications than a degree in engineering . . . . Our machines can travel faster than our minds can travel with them . . . . Our technical skill has outrun our imagination . . . ."

The point has been made before of course. But it's an important one, and can't be made too often. Here Mr. Balchin makes it with the deftness and sparkling narrative skill we have come to expect from him.

DADDY'S GIRLS

YVONNE MITCHELL: *The Family*. 232pp. Heinemann. 25s.

Far too much raw material is packed into this novel, with the result that the reader grows confused and tends to confine his interest to the strand of the story that seems closest to the author's heart. This is the picture, full of feeling, of the lives of three small girls whose mother is dead and whose rich and horrible father terrorizes them with mental tests, kisses more like a vampire's than a daddy's, and chauffeur-driven tours of the sights of London with frequent forcible stops for the little girls to be sick into the gutter. Boarding school is only slightly better; Esther, the one we learn most about, suffers agonizing childpains and decides that self-abnegation and writing poetry are her only comforts. She grows up to become an actress and for her the father, remarried and asthmatic, dwindles into a pathetic figure. Her elder sister, though, does not conquer the fears he implanted in her and retreats into nervous collapse.

The huge encircling family of aunts and great-uncles and cousins never really takes hold of the attention, in spite of the family tree provided. Consequently Esther's triumphant escape from the stifling Jewish bourgeois environment never seems quite as difficult as it is meant to; it simply strikes us as the inevitable consequence of her own willpower and intelligence.

POT LUCK

ADAM DIMENT: *The Dolly Dolly Spy*. 191pp. Michael Joseph. 21s.

The new O.K. spy takes hash with his girl, as knowledgeable about it as any viniphile with his tipple, but is still full of high moral resolve. And the new enemy in this gripping first novel is *not* the Chinese. Mr. Diment shows some uncertainty about where to start the story, and allows our hero to stop being frightened of his late employers before he could learn it was safe to do so.

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Biography

FROM FO'C'SLE TO FOREIGN OFFICE

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE: *Lord Reading.* The Life of Rufus Isaacs, First Marquess of Reading. 454pp. Heinemann. £3 3s.

In G. K. Chesterton's view Rufus Isaacs's career was all a masquerade such as Chesterton himself might have experienced if in the old civilization of China he had been "raised from the Yellow Button to the Coral Button or from the Coral Button to the Peacock's Feather"; Mr. Montgomery Hyde's biography of Lord Reading makes it clear that nothing could be farther from the truth. The first commoner since the Duke of Wellington to be promoted to the rank of marquess, he became in turn Solicitor General, Attorney General, Lord Chief Justice, High Commissioner and then Ambassador to the United States, Viceroy of India, and, as a postscript in his seventieth year, Foreign Secretary. Some Button, some Feather! No amount of wifely prodding could have produced the stupendous avidity for business that this great career betokens, and we learn that even on his death-bed his regret was at not being able to take up something new as all his life he had done. Ship's boy to Viceroy, failed stock-jobber to Lord Chief Justice: what an unrepeatable phenomenon!

Rufus Isaacs (a curiously euphonic combination) was of British stock, the son of a respectable fruit merchant, and nephew of an Alderman and Sheriff of the City of London who subsequently became Lord Mayor. If his first visit to India was as ship's boy on a merchantman, this was neither because he ran away from home, nor from the poverty of his parents. In fact, his father took the view that a spell before the mast would cure his restlessness, and dispatched him on board a ship bound for Rio for whose owners he acted as agent. The voyage was not repeated. He joined the Stock Exchange before he was of age (this was later a matter of reproach), and it was not long before his dealings in foreign bonds ended in disaster. His family rehabilitated him, and he was called to the Bar in 1887 at the age of twenty-seven.

The famous cases followed in quick succession (Chetwynd libel, Hartopp divorce, Whitaker Wright prosecution, to name a few) but undoubtedly the most important to his subsequent career was the Taff Vale dispute in which he represented the Union. The Union lost their case but venerated their counsel, and it must have been the aftermath of the case that brought him into politics on the Liberal side. Mr. Montgomery Hyde argues that it was natural as a Jew for him to choose the Liberal Party, who had been responsible for the removal of Jewish disabilities, but the Jews, now richer and more firmly established, were veering to the Conservatives, and it was certainly his Taff Vale pleadings that got him nomination for the marginal seat of Reading *just before the* General Election of 1906. Soon after it he was made Solicitor General, and in 1910 he had the chastening experience of standing for the same seat three times in twelve months.

Of course the watershed of his career was the Marconi scandal, so very well retailed by Lady Donaldson in her important book on it published five years ago. Mr. Montgomery Hyde, however, accords it the same sort of treatment as he would any other of his hero's important cases and nowhere takes us behind the printed evidence. With the benefit of hindsight one can see that the issue turned not on the vote in the House of Commons on the Select Committee's report (the Whips were on, and to all intents and purposes the voting was on strictly party lines) but on Asquith's decision to support his errant and incriminated colleagues. Asquith knew in July, 1912, of the transactions, although he subsequently equivocated about the date.

Rufus Isaacs as Attorney General had made an injudicious and costly speculation in shares in which his brother was interested and whose "sex appeal" came from a contract which his brother was engaged in negotiating on behalf of an associated company with the government of which Isaacs himself was a member. This was an ill-judged gamble by a man who should have known better than to risk his reputation for a quick return, but it was not a grossly culpable offence. It became thoroughly ignominious by the time that successive attempts to cover up the original *bêtise* had each in turn been exposed. According to his son, Reading never spoke of the Marconi case once it had been closed. Had Asquith asked for his resignation when he first owned up in July, the political heat would never have been turned on, and Reading would have been remembered, if at all, as a Lord Chief Justice who sought to avoid trying capital cases.

As it was, things were quite different. Lloyd George had learnt to trust him and found him invaluable in dealing with the unimaginative and trouble-making panjandrums of the city at the outbreak of war, later his services as an interpreter were particularly welcome on visits to France. When Lloyd George became Prime Minister it was logical that Reading should be sent to Washington to sort out the messes that the multiplication of missions had produced there. Later on, when the United States came into the war, his close association and sympathy with Colonel House, the President's grey eminence, made him an obvious choice as ambassador (cf. Lord Harlech and President Kennedy). All these duties were carried out with efficiency, determination and, dare one say it, perhaps a slightly over-pervading sycophancy. The end of the war found him without a job and with a determination to get to Versailles. He achieved this by becoming the British representative on the Supply and Relief Committee, an irksome and ill-starred assignment in which he had the misfortune, historically speaking, of falling foul of Keynes. His return to the Bench in 1920 was far from being a success. The trivial nature of the cases he had to hear and the shoddy advocacy with which they were presented combined to make him disgruntled with his high position. Gordon Hewart remarked that he had learnt to enjoy the glitter of diplomacy and he yearned to get back to it.

His appointment as Viceroy came in January, 1921 after a lengthy and rather discreditable haggle between Lloyd George and Hewart, who wanted as Attorney to claim the Chief Justiceship for himself, but was put off it by honeyed words. The tour as Viceroy came too late for Reading to be effective politically. The policy which he was directed to implement had been long outdistanced by events, and the Indian masses tumbled quicker than the British public to the fact that their future lay with the imprisoned fakirs rather than [illegible] and [illegible] gaolers. Mr. Montgomery Hyde has, however, given a great deal of attention to this five-year tenure of office, and has assembled in the chapter devoted to Reading's viceroyalty much background information relating to the Round Table Conference and other abortive constitutional developments in the subcontinent which must be valuable to any still interested in these recondite activities. He might, however, with his great gift for legal reportage, have made more of the famous Mr. A. Black-mail case, one of the most entertaining products of those fruity and lushly endowed times when Maharajahs were bywords of reckless affluence, and the Pecksniffian propriety of the India Office knew no bounds.

Alfred Mond predicted that Lloyd George's authority would decline directly Reading's calming influence was withdrawn from him: this is what happened, and when Reading returned from India it was to be spread by Lord Birkenhead as the secretary of state in Baldwin's Conservative administration. But Reading's day was not finished: the photograph of Mr. Montgomery Hyde prints of Ramsay MacDonald's First National Government in 1931 shows Reading peering cautiously and unhappily out from among the vanishing-trick experts and the puzzled paranoiacs by whom he is surrounded. His tenure of the Foreign Office lasted only three months: it was the Indian summer of a huge achievement.

Mr. Hyde's biography is in some degree ill-timed in that he neither had a chance of knowing his hero personally nor has waited long enough to have access to his private records. It is particularly tempting to hear of Reading's own notes, kept in shorthand for fear of falling into the wrong hands and still not available [illegible] much more intemperate the Marconi case might be in the light of them. Within these forced limitations Mr. Hyde has done well: his biography is continuously interesting, well illustrated and well indexed. If he is sometimes guilty of naïve sounding remarks, e.g., "Lloyd George was never ungenerous in the matter of honours particularly when his friends were concerned", it is usually possible to give him credit for having his tongue in his cheek, and such apparently private jokes in no way detract from his attitude and highly readable work.

COURT JESTER

ANDREW BOYLE: *Montagu Norman.* 349pp. Cassell. £2 2s.

Dishing it Out

Look under dish in the big Webster and what do you find? Among the seventy-four definitions of the word itself, both noun and verb, are the following: "a microwave antenna that is often parabolic in form and may highly directive in wave reflection." "*to go a horse* to swing the forefeet sideways in trotting." And under-dish, dishcloth, which most men know about, and dishcloth gourd, better known as a loofah. Then there is dishclout (a weak or dull person) and dish cross. The wonderful world of words is open to anyone who buys the big Webster: a command of English will be his for ever.

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G. & C. Bell [illegible]

It is now more than seventeen years since Montagu Norman died and ten since the publication of his life by Sir Henry Clay, itself a posthumous effort, but it cannot be said that his fame has matured in the interval. Ten years ago a review critical of Norman's statesmanship as portrayed in Clay's work brought a rush of partisans to his defence; where are they to be found now? The memory of the Norman legend evokes only a muted response in the offices and places he decorated for so many years. But if the myth of Norman's magic touch has vanished, traits of personality, hitherto passed over, combine to make him a more intelligible and more endearing personality. For instance he was undoubtedly a humorist of a rare order, who but a born jester could have sought to bring T. E. Lawrence into the employ of the Bank of England, particularly as the position offered to him was not to be aimed at extending the Bank's influence in the Middle East but to be Secretary to take charge of its internal administration? There was the time when, in 1931, after the painful attempt to maintain the gold parity of the pound had clearly failed, Norman received in mid-ocean a telegram *en clair* from London, signed by both the deputy governor and another intimate friend on the court couched as follows: "Old Lady goes off on Monday"; only someone with a reputation as a humorist could have got away with the blank assertion that he interpreted this as referring to his mother's holiday plans. Nor did his talent desert him in the stress of war. When Sir Edward Peacock, then a young man, was ordered on an [illegible] mission to Canada, "I understand," Norman wrote to him, "that you have arranged for your Normandy [illegible] to go as a Commander in the Navy. I suppose she will take you to Boston. [illegible] another car will pick you up and take you to the airfield." How can one be critical of the Governor of the Bank of England who indulged in such endearing and juvenile fancies at the age of seventy-two?

Mr. Andrew Boyle, in compiling his biography, has had the advantage of access to Lord Norman's diaries and private papers and of conversation with his surviving contemporaries and this has enabled him to produce a credible and likeable portrait, a feat, one is bound to say, that eluded Sir Henry Clay. On the other hand he does not illuminate the financial policies that he pursued and these do not stand up to inspection; it is Norman's tragedy, and perhaps ours too in a sense, that the inspection has been delayed so long that it has become a post-mortem.

[illegible] authority to challenge Norman's financial autocracy (except for a very few who did not care to do so) was also the time when British ministers accepted for all time burdens too onerous to be borne for more than a few years, burdens whose acceptance and [illegible] quickly shown were quite irrelevant to the survival issue that starkly faced the western democracies. It is true that these were not Norman's problems but the flaccid 1920s made the perfect background for the disinterested buccaneering in which, on the highest moral plane, he indulged his ego.

In retrospect it can be seen that his consultation with Jung proved decisive in his life. This took place early in 1933 in what can only be described as idiosyncratic circumstances. Aged sixty-two, Norman, though [illegible] shown no ability in this occupation, made an attempt to rebuild central Europe. When we left the gold standard in 1931, it was proof that all these policies had failed. Yet he did not resign and his colleagues on the court at the time failed the Bank and the country in not requiring his resignation. The nationalization of the Bank of England was the first action of an incoming Labour government in 1946; yet there was no reason for it to take place other than that of Norman's reputation. In the years between 1931 and the war's outbreak he did his best to foster the growth of the central banks of the Commonwealth countries and gave more credit than he deserved to the egregious Hjalmar Schacht. His last significant action as Governor was to hand over to the latter the Czech gold, in circumstances where delay might not have been misplaced. He remained as Governor throughout the war but the office—largely through his own overlengthy incumbency—was greatly devalued. He predicted rightly that he would never go to 10 Downing Street again after the appointment there of Churchill, who still blamed him for the 1925 debacle.

Although *this* is a book commissioned by the Norman family, Mr. Boyle does not seem to have been unduly constrained thereby and it is safe to say that there will be no need for a third biography. There is a splendid photograph of Montagu Norman on the cover, but it is pity there are no illustrations to the book itself.

Jean-Jacques Bauvert have recently published a *Guide des chefs d'oeuvre en péril*, which lists almost 2,000 monuments all over France threatened with decay or neglect (Paris: Bauvert, 21.70fr.). The book has grown out of a well-known series of programmes on French radio and television and its compiler, Pierre de Lagarde, has sensibly concentrated less on famous buildings and more on those ones which, left to [illegible] would otherwise crumble without any publicity at all. The guide gives full details of how individuals and groups can help in the work of preservation and there is a form at the end to be filled in by anyone who has discovered a derelict architectural gem of his own.

Memoirs

YOUNGER BROTHERS

CECIL ROBERTS: *The Growing Boy.* 245pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 2s.
GODFREY WINN: *The Infirm Glory.* 396pp. Michael Joseph. £2 10s.

Mr. Roberts wrote an autobiography, *Half Way*, at the age of thirty-five. Now aged seventy-five, he is embarking on a more leisurely review of his life. *The Growing Boy* takes him from his birth in Nottingham in 1892 to his seventeenth year and the sudden death of his father.

There is very little that Mr. Godfrey Winn has written which is not in some form or other autobiographical; but *The Infirm Glory* is his first avowedly autobiographical volume, taking us from his birth in Birmingham in 1908 until the outbreak of the Second World War.

Despite difference in ages, and the length of life-span described, there is much in common between these two writers' backgrounds. Both came from provincial families, whose fortunes had gone down in the world owing to the father's inadequacy. Cecil Roberts had a brother, eleven years older than himself. Godfrey Winn's brother was only five years older, stricken in childhood by polio, but, through courage and willpower, achieving the intellectual brilliance that has made him Lord Justice Winn. Younger-brother rivalry sharpened [illegible] both an ambition to succeed financially and socially by writing. At the age of sixteen, on his father's death, Cecil Roberts resolved that he would save £10,000 within the next twenty years. (He was earning 8s. a week at the time.) Faced with his father's bankruptcy, Godfrey Winn was determined that this should never happen to him. Both, looking back on those early poverty-menaced years of partial social eclipse, find it hard not to mention the later glories, properly to be described in succeeding volumes.

Both tell success stories; but the qualities of the success and the reminiscence are as different as the characters of these two popular writers. Mr. Roberts is interested in the life around him, in the songs of his day, the childhood games, the characters of people he knew, what Nottingham was like not merely for the past seventy, but the past 700 years. He is in a true sense a cultivated man. The story of the world is part of his own story. The discovery, through his father's family papers, of the former importance of his ancestors, enlarges the stage on which he himself can act, dignifies the drama in which he recognizes that his role is small because the cast so large. He does not fall into the autobiographical trap of thinking "This is important, because it happened to *me*". He is never egotistical, though he thinks worthily of himself, is proud, never having won a prize at school in spite of his brilliance at general knowledge, to endow his old school with £2,000 for two travelling scholarships to be awarded for the best general knowledge papers.

Mr. Godfrey Winn is the hero of his own drama. Even when he is describing Somerset Maugham, to whom he was as much devoted as he was indebted, we are conscious that this is *his* Willie Maugham in contrast to the catty Willie Maugham of Beverley Nichols (whose names stud but do not illuminate the 700 entries of the index). The great whose names stud the pages are there to decorate the author, like sequins on a night-club singer's dress. What will it matter to his huge gossip-hungry public to be misinformed in a knowledgeable aside that Lady Longford's maiden name was Elizabeth Harmer? He informs us of his modest ambition. Having seen Sir Archibald McIndoe perform a plastic surgery operation, he asked with the inspired fatuity of the gossip-writer:

"Archie, you are doing such amazing things here. It must seem such a perfect climax for you to your great career. Have you any ambitions still unfulfilled?"

My companion did not answer for a moment. Then he looked down at his broad, spatulate hands, spreading the tired fingers wide. "I want to be a good craftsman", he said simply.

I have found in the long course of my writing apprenticeship that a single remark often discarded quite casually will illuminate someone's whole character so that it seems almost unnecessary afterwards to add anything to the portrait. Although Archie McIndoe and I remained close friends until his death, I doubt if he had any idea that what he had said actually made such a profound impression on me that almost unconsciously it became the watchword of my own professional life. *I want to be a good craftsman.*

It may be part of the gossip-craft to supply the unvivid detail:

"Get rid of him now", *I kept on repeating to myself, as I ate my avocado pear with the special sauce that was a spécialité de la maison.* "Get rid of him now . . ." (Our italics)

But this is as infuriating in an autobiography as is the weaving backwards and forwards, never pursuing a straight path if a devious one can be opened up.

VISITATIONS

ROSAMOND LEHMANN: *The Swan in the Evening.* Fragments of an Inner Life. 156pp. Collins. 21s.

The Swan in the Evening is in a sense a companion volume to Patrick Kavanagh's *The Perfect Stranger*. Both are hinged on the personality of a remarkable young woman, one day full of life, beauty and zest; the next dead from poliomyelitis. Sally, Rosamond Lehmann's daughter and Patrick Kavanagh's wife, appears in both books as one of those precious souls whom the gods love, so luminous or numinous that they cast in youth a light and eager awe. She was not, like Thérèse of Lisieux, ardent of death in search of sainthood; but almost too intent of life, it seems, to live. And her mother, who was attached to her by those special bonds which a parent feels recognizing genius in her child, believes that in her swift, unnecessary death Sally returned to her for consolation.

To Rosamond Lehmann, a writer of great sensitivity who had never fallen grown-up to believe that God did not exist and that the soul died with the body, it was a shock to discover that, apart from the agony of grief, she began to experience not merely what one may call "visitations", but also a series of mystical experiences, the like of which she had not thought possible, but which, to the same to find, had been experienced by other people. It was an occasion of joy, but also of embarrassment. For as she discovered that both had had parted her from her beloved daughter, she found also that many friends, whose views she had previously shared, thought that she was going round the bend.

The Swan in the Evening is addressed to her eldest grandchild. It is an attempt to put into words the experiences which are inevitably [illegible] incapable of being transmitted, even by as fine a writer as Rosamond Lehmann. Unless Anna has a [illegible] she will be left as [illegible] But though [illegible] will come to understand little of those who have experienced nothing like it, the extraordinary [illegible] immediately understand, and will be convinced as [illegible] convinced as [illegible] experience, [illegible] conversation [illegible] the story of [illegible] described, so even more they cannot, except tentatively, be theorized about. This does not mean that the literature that she recommends should not be studied, but merely that her experience through books is less valuable because it is at third hand for the reader.

The Swan in the Evening is a courageous book, the more moving because the author was clearly reluctant to communicate to others what to herself was wonderful.

BACK AT THE RANCH

BARBARA CARTLAND: *I Search for Rainbows.* 288pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

That summer I spoke at St Martin-in-the-Fields; helped open a telephone exchange; got up a cricket team and sold our precious hay for [illegible] horns. The cows were all named after the heroines of my novels.

Note the placing of that "all". The cows were all named, which is to say that all the cows were named after the heroines of the novels; not that the cows were named after all the heroines of the novels, or even after the heroines of all the novels. On such points does scholarship hang. If the latter form had been preferred, we should know that Camfield Place, Miss Cartland's home in Hertfordshire, was almost a ranch, as there are sixty-eight novels signed by that name, sixteen signed by her married name, Barbara McCorquodale, and eight historical works whose titles (such as *The Scandalous Life of King Carol* and *Metternich, The Passionate Diplomat*) suggest that the author has not been pedantically strict about confining herself to the documents. So that makes a minimum of ninety-two Dairy Shorthorns.

Besides those novels and historical works there are fourteen volumes of sociology (*Love, Life and Sex, Look Lovely, Be Lovely*) and a wealth of [illegible] from autobiography to radio operetta, however far that may be. Also other busy times:

[illegible] Brewer's Yeast is the best known and cheapest method of giving anyone, either pigs or people, Vitamin B, so I had a huge tub of Brewer's Yeast collected from the local brewery. I gave it to the sows and also the boars, with the result that I had for several years record numbers of litters in the county, if not the country.

Miss Cartland tells us too of the "tremendous success" of a book called *Bewitching Woman*.

This was a documentary about women who had fascinated and intrigued men down through the ages. It was translated into several languages and portions of it read aloud to the sixth form history class at Harrow.

All this, and mother of Lady Dartmouth, too. What distinguishes Miss Cartland is that she is quite often preposterous to some purpose. Between preaching the gospel of honey with everything and building up one of the Dairy Shorthorns with a daily pound of butter, she has campaigned with flamboyant persistence for better conditions in old people's homes, for better treatment for midwives, for a resting place for gypsies, usually with some success—there can be few more irresistible forces than a garlanded bulldozer.

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Art and Architecture

PLANS AND ELEVATIONS

JOHN MANSBRIDGE: *Graphic History of Architecture.* 192pp. Batsford. £2 10s.

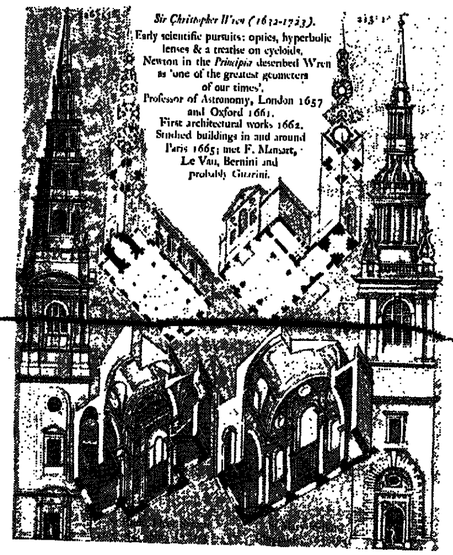
Anyone proposing to work through 5,000 years of architecture in fewer than 200 pages must be ready for an intellectual forced march: Mr. Mansbridge's book is more strenuous and breathless than most because of the quantities of material displayed (about 2,000 drawings in all) and because of his chosen comparative method. As the blurb says, "that a single volume should cover the whole of Western Architecture . . . is remarkable enough". It would be a very remarkable volume indeed which could cover so much, but of course this one does not; and at first impression that too much has been attempted in a smallish space is not dispelled by a closer inspection of Mr. Mansbridge's crowded and sometimes confusing pages.

The crowding, however, is deliberate, for the idea is clearly to show as many things as possible in simultaneous relationship to one another; it may be necessary, therefore, to put up with some confusion to get the fullest measure of comparative analysis. The method in principle is not new; but this book is certainly not just the lazy picture-gazer's Banister Fletcher, though it is clear that Mr. Mansbridge has leant heavily on this and other books. The student must be prepared to work pretty hard to get all or even most of what it has to teach. It is a relief to find a book, which, aimed at a broad class of readers, nevertheless does not pretend that its subject is easy, or seek to present it without tears. But some of the strain seems unnecessary, as information flashes by in telegraphese, isometric drawings take off into the air or sprout mysterious lines and ellipses, and large-scale details jostle against or overlap tiny façades.

But the reader will find that the longer he spends with Mr. Mansbridge's book, the more rewarding it is: he has attempted something which is interesting and perhaps important, and he has largely succeeded. The principle behind the book is that architecture is essentially a visual art, and that its appreciation and analysis and the way to demonstrate its history and the principles of its growth and change must likewise be visual. So there is no text that one can call a text, but there are great quantities of drawings with hardly more than captions: buildings are shown in plan, in elevation, isometrically, in cut-outs, and sometimes in all of these at once. Side by side are sketches of related designs, constructional diagrams and others, not always easy to interpret, illustrating the rules and mathematical principles on which a design has been based.

A representative page on Hawksmoor shows three of his churches in isometric and partly cut-out views, so that façade, plan and interior can all be seen at once; small sketches show how the tower of one has been built up, and another juxtaposes Hawksmoor's own reconstruction of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus with the steeple of St. George's that he based on it; two more show the construction of an elliptical window-head. And so on. Other pages contrast, for example, characteristic Gothic cathedral plans and elevations in different countries, somewhat in the Banister Fletcher manner, or show the developing use made in England of the Roman orders, with contemporary drawings of the orders themselves superimposed, or the changing patterns of the English medieval church in outline, plan and detail of sculpture.

The amount of information that Mr. Mansbridge has worked into his space is remarkable. The patient reader will rarely be muddled and if he perseveres, he will learn much. No words can reveal so persuasively as well-selected drawings the principles of the optical corrections to Greek temples or of illusionist paintings on the vaults of Baroque churches, or of the reinforcement of concrete. Mr. Mansbridge is at his strongest in the details of construction: here above all his claim to have produced a graphic history is justified by the skill with which his juxtaposed drawings tell their story. Sometimes, it is true, the message is expressed a shade too cryptically, and the best-intentioned of readers will have difficulty in making out the precise point of a drawing or to which building a detail is supposed to relate.



The book must, however, be intended mainly to be used in teaching: Mr. Mansbridge cannot have meant his illustrations to stand forever so naked and without oral explanations. The unprepared general reader is likely to be daunted. It is a problem indeed to determine for what kind or age of reader the book is meant: much of it is elementary; but some drawings would be beyond any but advanced students: yet on the page there is nothing to steer the reader between them. The few explanatory words that Mr. Mansbridge adds are worse than nothing. It would not be fair to say they convey no information; but they give what scanty fare they have to offer in a manner to suggest that one is taking in a lot when at best one gets a vague sense of uplift:

> The enlargement of S. Denis, 1144, inaugurated a lyrical form of construction in which pointed arches, high stone vaults and flying buttresses were united into an organic whole, and which reached a crescendo in the cathedrals built in the Ile de France.

Phrases like "lyrical form of construction" and "fused into an organic whole" are deceptive because people may be misled into supposing that they mean something. And how does a form "reach a crescendo"?

Again, there are summaries which are muddling and quite inaccurate:

> Increase of trade and agricultural prosperity enriched the nobility, who built country houses which, in reaction to the Baroque, followed the classical rules of the Augustan Age, c. 1680-1750.

This manages to suggest that the enrichment and building activity of "the nobility" was a new thing in England at the end of the seventeenth century; the sentence tells us nothing about classicism or Palladianism, and the dates given are so wild as to distort the whole architectural history of the time. On more general history Mr. Mansbridge is wilder and sketchier still: anyone ought to be able to see that it must be nonsense to suppose that "National unity among the Greeks was achieved by pan-Hellenic festivals held every few years", and who that reads this and diagram. The same thing happens to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, where the two pages are covered with little pictures of trains (some of which could not work), cars and aeroplanes, diagrams of atomic structure and "curved space", and weird collocations of words: "Einstein Rutherford Bohr radar 1950 electronic computor", we read apparently through a piece of clumsy embroidery, and even when we find that we probably ought to be reading downwards rather than across, the impression is not much more satisfying.

So the book would really be improved if all the words were dropped except for the bare few needed as connectives between the drawings. A more serious drawback is that many of the drawings themselves are hasty or inadequate. The constructional diagrams and details are good; but Mr. Mansbridge's technique is not by any means always suited to his perspective and isometric drawings. He apparently uses pen and wash, with perhaps occasionally soft pencil as well, and the result often tends to be [illegible] where it ought to be precise; at times it is plain slapdash. The page devoted to Romanesque façades and arcades is full of sloppy and casual draughtsmanship; and no one who has not seen the south German Baroque would gain the slightest idea of those miraculously light and delicate buildings from Mr. Mansbridge's hatchfisted sketches. Perhaps he is less sympathetic to them than to the English work which, a page or so later, comes out so clearly.

Worse yet, many of the sketches are very inaccurate: the general view of the Erechtheion is indefensibly wobbly, the reconstruction of the Baalbek temple inconceivable; and Mr. Mansbridge often gives up altogether when it comes to roofs: he would have been wiser to keep clear of things of which he had neither direct experience nor a good copy to work from.

In so comprehensive a work there are bound to be mistakes; but there should not have been so many as Mr. Mansbridge has allowed through. We read of the Ratcliffe Camera, the Guarantee Building in Buffalo, the Course du Vieux Louvre, of Heidelburg and Winklemann (one of four Germans who "generate Roman Classical moods"), Vanbrugh is credited with the King William Building at Greenwich, which is almost certainly Hawksmoor's; Vanbrugh's "four great houses" is ambiguous (which four?). The suggestion made on one page that most of the Baroque churches in south Germany and Austria were built by the Jesuits, on another that wrought iron was made before 1760. The picture to illustrate the thickening of the columns in a Greek temple has the dimensions the wrong way round, the speed of light is decimated; the date of Euston Neston imply that it was begun when its architect was eight, that of Smirke's death is wrong by fifty years.

Finally, it must be said that the relative weighting is sometimes preposterous and very confusing. Nine hundred years of Italian palace design from Michelozzo to Giurici is shoved into two pages under the heading "Renaissance-Baroque" (Mannerism is excluded, though Michelangelo and Giulio Romano are not), while Palladio rates his own pages to himself. Though the nineteenth century gets extensive if very patchy treatment (no mention of Aalto or Reidy, yet two pages each to Gaudí and Candela, fashionable names), the nineteenth century is given, except for France and America, a brief dismissal. Horta is represented by one cast-iron column, Viollet-Duc by one wrought-iron one; to even this is better than the next little sketch of the Glasgow Art School entrance which, together with the unhelpful phrase "Art Nouveau", is all we see of Mackintosh. The Gothic Revival might almost never have occurred. The drawing of the Berlin Schauspielhaus entirely misses the grandeur and incisive daring—indeed almost the whole point — of Schinkel's design, and no one looking at that of the Wiener School of Art could see any reason for thinking Van de Velde an important architect. Among names missing altogether are Ledoux, Soane, Cockerell, Thomson, Street, Shaw, Butterfield, Olbricht, White, Mackintosh and Burnet.

So there are a number of ways in which this well conceived book could be improved. If the mistakes could be cleared away, the verbiage transformed or dropped, some of the drawings redone and the balance improved, the conception would be equalled by the execution. This may seem a formidable array of complaints, and it does largely detract from an otherwise fascinating piece of work, which deserves all encouragement to perfect itself. It could be one of the most stimulating general books on architecture produced since the war if it were not so often one of the most exasperating.

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ANCIENT ART

KARL SCHEFOLD: *Die Griechen und Ihre Nachbarn.* 373pp. 432 plates. West Berlin: Propyläen. DM.165.

Die Griechen und Ihre Nachbarn is a new edition of the first volume of the Propyläen History of Art. Scale and format are as before; the pictures are magnificent and the text excellent. Explanatory notes on each section are by different experts; some are much weaker in bibliography than others. It is a pity also that the plates have no scale and no mention of the material of the objects. Most are old friends (and the Acropolis figures still have the 19th-century restorations) but there is a fair sprinkling of good new stuff: an Mykonos Trojan horse, an ivory figure from a fibula, the bronze boy from the Piraeus (surely 2nd-century "classicism" and not archaic?), the Pitsa plaques, the Cleveland Gauthia. Greek art for this book starts in the tenth century B.C. After Greek sculpture, minor arts, painting, and architecture there are good sections on the neighbouring Phrygian, Scythian, Phoenician, Iberian, Sardinian, Campanian, Etruscan, and Celtic art.

Third World

DEMOCRATIC

K. A. BUSIA: *Africa in Search of Democracy.* 189pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 20s.

Dr. Busia, the former United Party opposition leader, wrote this book while he was in voluntary exile in Britain and before the overthrow of President Nkrumah. The author has frequently been criticized as a politician, but not even his severest critics can doubt his sincerity and his academic distinction.

Perhaps Dr. Busia's greatest contribution to Ghana's cause has been his persistent faith in the possibility of democracy in Ghana—and indeed, in Africa generally. It shines through the pages of this work, not as an ill-founded emotional attachment, but as a realistic judgment, based on a sound analysis of the facts seen in their historical perspective.

Now, with Nkrumah ousted and Ghana trying to find her direction once again, much of what Dr. Busia has written here is being put into practice in his country.

Consider some of the tenets which he sets out in these pages:

> Democracy is founded on respect for the human being—every human being . . . every man . . . should have certain civil liberties without which no social order can be characterized as democratic . . . Therefore, an important requirement for the success of democracy is tolerance, and it can be said to be one of the most important characteristics of democratic society. . . . Every democratic community must have effective checks on its rulers. . . . These voluntary associations can be a training ground for good citizenship.

Each one is being instilled into Ghanaians now through the Centre for Civic Education, of whose trustees Dr. Busia is the chairman. Their importance is much greater in a country where the mass of the electorate are unsophisticated and where the democratic ideals have been trampled underfoot by a dictator than in Britain, for example, where they are taken for granted. In a sense, therefore, Dr. Busia's present study is a text book, and the process which Ghana makes of studying it will be the best test of its worth.

It has a far wider interest, however, because the author has provided an excellent assessment of much of the political thinking which inspires the new African states. For instance, he sets out the various interpretations of African socialism, dealing particularly with the views of President Nyerere of Tanzania, President Senghor of Senegal and the Kenya Government in its Sessional Paper on the subject in 1965. He also looks at the communist approach as exemplified by the Russians, the Chinese and Nkrumah.

He is objective and realistic, and he is not afraid to voice unpopular criticisms. Discussing British colonial practice, for example, he praises its administrative legacy, but is (justifiably) scathing about its failure to inculcate the basic ideas on which British democracy is founded, such as the provision of status and assistance to the loyal opposition. And in his section on Tanzania's special one-party system he concludes that "while it is evident that the Tanzanian one-party experiment shows concern both for the Rule of Law and for the rights of the individual, limitations inherent in the system are also manifest".

Essentially, Dr. Busia follows his own prescription:

> All peoples can achieve and practice democracy, if they have enough faith and conviction in its values. . . . Those who have the courage, and enough respect for the African to point out the shortcomings of contemporary political experiments, as measured against the accepted and avowed standards, perform a valuable service for democracy as well as for Africa. . . .

The result is a book which should explode quite a lot of myths, and which should cause some of those who claim that Africans are incapable of managing their own affairs to reexamine their opinion.

IN THE NEWS

T. LLOYD SOMMERLAD: *The Press in Developing Countries.* 189pp. Sydney University Press. London: Methuen. 34s.

Mr. Sommerlad's survey takes in the whole of the "third world"—Asia, Africa and Latin America—and he deals both geographically and "vertically" (that is to say, with particular problems common to the press in different areas).

His treatment appears on occasion to be rather naive, notably when he is discussing the role of the press, summing up his remarks with the comment: "In brief, the press in a developing country is an instrument of political, social and economic progress". It is a pity that his study appeared too soon (1966 in Australia) to include references to Miss Rosalynde Ainslie's *The Press in Africa*, which was published by Gollancz also last year.

That said, however, the extraordinary feature of Mr. Sommerlad's work is the amount of information he has managed to pack into it. And it should be added that he has used his experience in the Mass Communication Techniques Division of Unesco to good effect to produce a study that is well balanced and shows admirably perceptive judgment.

The author is well aware of the myriad problems that face the press in the underdeveloped countries, from the shortage of skilled staff to the political instability to lack of money. [illegible] investing in certain businesses.

In a sense his book is partly a textbook: for example, he sets out the various possible ways in which journalists and [illegible] institutions does not guarantee a supply of potentially able journalists. He proposes a scheme whereby [illegible] should provide news-[illegible] as a form of [illegible] refers to the [illegible] of most free [illegible] and points out that [illegible] simplification could be achieved in China, that country would be open to the great technical innovations that have transformed the press in Japan. He suggests a form of agreement under which governments might take advertising space in newspapers and adds: "Such an agreement might lay down that all papers meeting certain minimum standards should be used for government advertising, without discrimination on grounds of editorial policy." (Cynically, one may add that in many developing countries such an enlightened policy would be unlikely to commend itself to the government.)

Mr. Sommerlad is not concerned only with nuts and bolts, however. He has interesting things to say about the wider issues of principle, and above all the vexed question of freedom and responsibility in young nations. He comments, with succinct truth: "In practice, press freedom is related more to political philosophy and national traditions, than to the letter of the law." He is realistic about foreign ownership of newspapers in developing countries, recognizing that in the long term

> there is no future for a foreign-owned press in an independent country; this can only be a transitional stage in media development. To have in foreign hands an institution so vital to political life and progress is an affront to national pride, which will be tolerated only while it gives reasonable support to the government in office and better alternatives are not available.

The solid array of facts and figures is occasionally lightened by such titbits as the fact that in rural India the resale value of old newspapers as waste paper constitutes a serious obstacle to the growth of the rural press, or by a picture of a page of the *Nu Qiml Tokiok*, the Port Moresby weekly that is written in pidgin English.

ON THE SPOT

MARGERY PERHAM: *Colonial Sequence, 1930-1949.* A Chronological Commentary upon British Colonial Policy especially in Africa. 351pp. Methuen. £2 15s.

"In all this the writer was more than a reporter, she was a mediatory agent between the thinking in this country and the doing overseas." Not for the first time the underrated blurb has put a finger on it. Dame Margery Perham's work in the field in Africa and at Nuffield, combined with her Lugard volumes, have seen to it that she marches into history, alongside the Colonial Office, as an institution. What she has done for the individual students of African affairs, whether from home or overseas, no one could ever quantify. But her services to colonial scholarship and her tireless efforts to awaken public opinion in this country to the problems of first cementing and then unscrambling an Empire have been (though she would be the last to claim this) profound.

This book brings together leading articles and letters, contributed chiefly to *The Times*, as well as the texts of lectures and broadcasts on subjects as varied as the New Zealand Mandate over Western Samoa, riots on the Copperbelt, indirect rule, the future of the Kenya settler, and a Sierra Leone mobile canteen in action in war-scarred dockland. Running through each page is an informed sympathy for the men on the colonial spot whether district officers or her own particular heroes, Lugard and Cameron. But that sympathy is matched by what one can now see to have been a quite exceptional appreciation of the hopes and problems of the African *évolué*. At times, no doubt, Miss Perham was a thorn in the flesh of both Downing Street and the settler communities. And there is no question that the latter bled more freely. But since her opinions were based not on mere dashings to and fro, but on solid scholarship, painstaking and sometimes painful journeying and carefully constructed judgments, no one could have failed to respect her conclusions.

Now that the Colonial era—for us at least in Africa—is past (Rhodesia and Swaziland excepted), it is instructive to turn to the index of Dame Margery's book. What takes pride of place? "Indirect Rule" (and thus "Lugard" and "Nigeria"), "Native Administration", "Commissions" and "Closer Union in East Africa". By contrast "self-government" (let alone independence), "development planning" and "higher education" play a minor role. This is a telling shorthand commentary on British colonial aims and policy between the end of the First World War and the emancipation of the sub-continent.

But one would be doing Dame Margery less than justice by inferring from this that she had no eye for the future. On the contrary, her essays and letters were constantly pointing the way forward. She saw the dangers inherent in an African plural society. She repeatedly condemned the economic fallacies of the transient labour forces so beloved of successive South African Governments. She warned or tried to warn British opinion of the spread of apartheid northwards to and across the Zambezi. And she equally pleaded with the Emperor, on his restoration, not to pitch Ethiopia's territorial claims too high.

To the reader of the late 1960s there is a prophetic ring in almost every page. Most students in search of a gem will sling their pick instinctively at her various essays on Central Africa. They will not go unrewarded. Commenting on Sir Godfrey Huggins's (Lord Malvern's) visit to London in July, 1939, to discuss the findings of the Bledisloe Commission, Dame Margery wrote to *The Times*: Our leading ministers have recently made before the world very large claims for our Empire as one where subject peoples advance towards self-government. The steps proposed are not compatible with this claim. They would remove what many of us regard as our only moral justification for retaining so large a colonial empire. We may be sure that European claims will be fully and ably voiced. The future interests of the unrepresented Africans are wholly dependent upon the willingness of people in England to study and to urge them. It is pleasing to find one domestic prophetess beribboned with honour in her own lifetime.

Macgibbon and Kee ask us to point out that Witold Gombrowicz's *Ferdydurke*, referred to in last week's leading article, is still in print, as it has been since its publication in 1961. They are publishing Gombrowicz's latest novel, *Cosmos*, next month.

The Bodley Head inform us that José Donoso's *Este Domingo*, reviewed here on October 12, will be published by them next February under the title *This Sunday*.

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Poetry

PURSUIT AND LOSS

THE CENTENARY of Ernest Dowson's birth appropriately falls in a context of Beardsley exhibitions, books on Beardsley, magazines going all Mucha and rival anthologies of Aesthetes and Decadents. It would be unjust if Dowson were to be passed over in this orgy of revival and revaluation, since it can be claimed for him, no less than for Beardsley or Wilde, that he stood in a symbolic relationship to his age. His centenary has been observed by the republication of Dr. Desmond Flower's standard edition of the poems. The present edition, like that of 1951, is, with the exception of Dowson's taggings to an earlier translation of Voltaire's *La Pucelle d'Orléans*, complete.

Dr. Flower has also collaborated with Mr. Henry Maas in a collection of Dowson's surviving letters. Their work is elegantly and minutely performed and takes its place with recent editions of the letters of Wilde and Shaw as an essential document in a period of which gossip has been legion and scholars few. *The Letters of Ernest Dowson* supplements and partly supersedes the biography of Dowson by Professor Mark Longaker which appeared in 1945 and the mere act of assembly places Dowson's life and development as an artist in a finer perspective. For a period of something over eleven years there are 403 letters and eighteen recipients; but by far the greater number of letters is addressed to two friends, Arthur Moore and Victor Plarr. The letters to Lionel Johnson and Vincent O'Sullivan are chief among those which have regrettably disappeared.

* * *

What a man writes of himself may be far from history, but Dowson's talents were distinctly confessional and it is the confessional letters in this collection that are the most fascinating. Like his contemporaries, Dowson has suffered from reports on a life which, barely summarized, appears to fall into the paradigm of decadent ambivalence and futility. He inherited frail health and instability of temperament from cultivated and unfortunate parents. His earlier years were spent accompanying those parents in their wanderings round Europe in search of Hygeia and as a result his education was largely informal. He remained only five terms at Oxford. The editors of these letters reasonably suggest that his decision to go down may well have been rational rather than the least line of resistance to examinations. Like many of his friends and acquaintances, Dowson was converted to the Roman Catholic faith, but unlike Johnson, Beardsley and John Gray, he appears to have lapsed. He is remembered for careful, plaintive lyrics and short stories of "mood" studies in hesitation and fatigue, and both of these short-winded forms seem unfailingly typical of a decade so rich in the finite accomplishments: typography, book-illustration and production, the poster. Common to Dowson's verse and prose is a simplified Paterian belief in man as his own solitary prisoner, dreaming his own world but mysteriously offered an occasional epiphanic "moment" gone almost as soon as sensed. Any attempt to seize on to prolong the good moment, brings unhappiness, but without risking the possibility of life remains the merest *ennui*. The imagery of Dowson's verse tends to present with the most primitive irony of juxtaposition two states: the moment, associated with the apparition of a girl poised between childhood and adolescence, and the moment lost. Such a determinism of pursuit and loss is repeated both in the short stories and in his life. His life appears superficially to be a record of dissipation and drift, and he died, like so many of his colleagues of the "Tragic Generation", as soon as his constitution permitted. The date was 1900, a year that roundly marked the end of *fin de siècle*. It is tempting to relate the broken circuit of absinthe, absolution and more absinthe to an *oeuvre* which, in Professor Graham Hough's phrase, seems scarcely discernible to the naked eye.

Tempting, but not precisely true. Dr. Flower's careful presentation of the manuscripts of Dowson's poems reminds one that he was a hard worker and he worked as hard at his prose. In size, if not in achievement, the prose is of some bulk. He collaborated in two novels with Arthur Moore (a third novel, the torso of a fourth and another entirely of his own composition were never published). He was responsible also for eight translations, some of considerable scope. The letters leave an impression of courageous industry in unfavourable conditions, but only modify the prevailing image of Dowson.

* * *

There is a double irony about that image. It was established in his own lifetime by his friend and colleague, Arthur Symons. Symons, among other things, was a graceful, alert journalist with a well-developed nose for the latest shudder and, in a literary *causerie* contributed to the *Savoy* of 1896, gave a recognizable but high-lit account of Dowson, though without naming names. Before publication, he sent a proof to Dowson who passed most of the rhetoric, but protested against some points where fact and fantasy too violently collided. From Pont-Aven in Brittany, where he had spent most of the year, Dowson wrote:

> You are right in assuming my complete indifference as to what things may be said of me over yonder, and I am content to be found of sufficient interest personally, to be the subject of your chronique. Would you, however, mind toning down certain phrases . . . which would—if the veil of your article were proportioned—give an erroneous and too lurid account of me? for have I not been peacefully rusticating these five months en plein campagne?

The phrases suggested "the too hopelessly disreputable". Symons did make the changes, but retained "that curious love of the sordid, so common an affectation of the modern decadent, and with him so expressively genuine, grew upon him, and dragged him into yet more solitary corners of a life that was never exactly gay to him." For Symons it was largely a question of: "Verlaine is dead, long live Verlaine!" He was to use the same material in his obituary of Dowson and in his introduction to an edition of Dowson's poems published in 1905 which was several times reprinted. An even more influential mythologizer was W. B. Yeats, Yeats's first-hand acquaintance with Dowson was limited, but like Ezra Pound in *High Selwyn Mauberley*, he found Dowson good copy. Some of Dowson's friends protested over the years and were able to dispel the grosser fables: Dowson was never addicted to drugs; at Oxford he drank in moderation and his life was not a haze of absinthe and harlots. But the friends either protested too much or their tones, like that of Victor Plarr in his book on Dowson, which appeared in 1914, remained uneasily defensive.

The difficulty was that Dowson had in some degree preceded Symons as his own mythologizer. Symons patterned Dowson's life on earlier heroes of the life of art: Catullus, our "sad but glad mad brother" Villon, Rochester, Burns (as interpreted by the Kirk), Poe and, supremely, Verlaine. Dowson's was a similar pantheon and early in the letters we find London extolled as "Absinthia". From his heredity, his sensibility, his reading the lines converged, though it was only the final years when poetry had abandoned him and when health and happiness had receded that were years of tramping away from the past, or when all directions had been lost, the merest drifting.

The harrowing of possibilities can be clearly traced in the letters. What they reveal at the outset, when he is writing to his collaborator, Moore, is the presence of several possible selves. The letters of 1888 and 1889 light up that vague but crucial period between coming down from Oxford and the three or four years of association with the Rhymers' Club. The Dowson of these years is high-spiritedly, cynically, and facetiously undergraduate, though serious in discussing the collaboration. The friends and acquaintances of this period were not markedly literary: Oxford contemporaries and students from the London hospitals. Dowson enjoyed the company of this not specially exacting group, but what the group *did* exact, however, were the usual gaieties of the London West End and Dowson half regrets, half looks forward to meetings with them, aware of himself already as one who pays at once for the mildest dissipations. But at this moment he presents himself quite differently from the dim, will-less figure of the legend, as interested in sport, music-halls and girls in a frankly uncomplicated manner.

In 1888, his father took over the management of the failing family business, a dry dock at Limehouse, and for the next six years Dowson established himself, though Adelaide, with her warm colour and slightly crooked nose, was an unlikely fatal woman.

Limehouse by day; the West End, the Rhymers' at the Crown, the Cheshire Cheese and the Fitzroy "Colony", by night. The talking as much as the drinking enchanted him and he frequently spent the night on some friend's sofa, "he had the cat's happy aptitude of sleeping where night found him" as Edgar Jepson put it. Some of his nights were given to sub-editing an old, but by now rapidly consumptive periodical, *The Critic*, and Dr. Flower and Mr. Maas usefully reprint some of his contributions, the most interesting being "The Cult of the Child", which was written against a background of local government meddlers moving to suppress child acting in the London theatres. These child actors, girls mostly, represent the diminuendo of a well-known Romantic cult. Max Beerbohm was altogether dismayed when his adored Infanta, "the White Girl" Cissey Loftus, lost her perfect poise of sophisticated innocence and took to singing bluish songs with wide eyes. Dowson recognized the dangers of this type of exploitation, but for him the fifteen-year-old Cissey would already have been past her best. He justifies child acting by its uniqueness, quoting Montaigne: "the play of children is not performed in play: it is their most serious action."; the child cannot be other than unselfconscious and sincere. His attitude is close to that of idealizing High Victorian novelists and Dr. William Acton had after all declared that "in a state of health no sexual impression should ever affect a child's mind and body". All its energies were required for growth. *Growth*, however, was precisely what Symons reviled—his underscorings pointing annotations to Olive Schreiner's *African Farm* reveal a Schopenhauer taken very seriously: the reproductive instinct results from

> the Evil Will which baits its trap with the illusion Love and scatters the illusion to the winds when its purpose is fulfilled; . . . Passion is waste—takes away from a man's stability; his self-centralizations; its action on general culture, aestheticism philosophy, many-sidedness, all that makes life endurable, is ruinous, it fastens on life like a cancer.

The will as death, and his own case, though in the late 1880s he was not altogether committed to this nineteenth-century manichaeism. Unself-conscious girlhood comes to represent for him the good moment of communication and that unself-consciousness seems more likely to manifest itself among the lower classes.

* * *

About the same time that he was writing "The Cult of the Child" Dowson was, as he puts it to Arthur Moore (adopting in the curious experiment of talking a spiritual mistress) "from the classes outside society." The "spiritual mistress" was a barmaid of sixteen with some literary tastes; the relationship was to be conducted in terms of literary stereotypes: Dowson preferred to call her a *grisette*. She appears in his letters as "Lena" and inspired the two or three earlier poems addressed to "Hélène". He takes "Lena" to theatres; they correspond on literary matters; he is innocently warned by her commitment that "Swinburne is catching" and the conceivably metaphysical courtship is conducted in trains all over London. Like the heroes of his own short stories, his motives remain obscure to himself; he remembers Stendhal's *De L'Amour* and tries gently to disengage himself. Lena throws up her job, he feels partly responsible and becomes afraid of her too likely future on the London pavements. Finally, the girl simply "bolts" and he consoles himself by reflecting on her cynicism. Perhaps as a reaction to pretences of culture or attracted by the physical vitality of a lower-class girl, he is soon writing to Moore of a *petite affaire* with a tobacconist's daughter of fifteen. This finishes almost as soon as begun for by this time he has met and begun to fall in love with Adelaide Foltinowicz, the eleven-year-old daughter of a Polish restaurant keeper. The

The letters between 1890 and 1893 provide a fairly full record of Dowson's best years. He makes many friends, the novel *The Comedy of Masks* is published, his poems receive modest notice and although his life is busy, the letters are frequent. In March, 1891, he tells Moore that he has been writing "verses in the manner of the French 'symbolists': verses making for mere sound and music, with just a suggestion of mere sense, or hardly that", and not surprisingly adds "a vague Verlainesque emotion". Most of these experiments were destroyed, but "Flos Lunae" and "A Coronal" survive as examples of that low-keyed considered monotone with inflexible refrains invoking the prison of a self from which only the "moment" brings release. A letter to Plarr in February, 1891, comments on "Cynara", his most famous poem:

> an experiment; the 3 first lines in Alexandrines, a favourite rhythm of Lionel's [Lionel Johnson]; but one in which at present my Muse is not quite at her ease.

The note of diffidence is typical. Later, he was to become uneasy about the poem's candour, but now he doubts what is surely a triumph of technical resource: the intractable French metre commandingly accommodated to English speech rhythms, combining with one iambic, one thirteen and one fourteen syllable line. The single iambic line checks the longer lines with tolling monosyllables: the falling music of Tennyson's *Locksley Hall* counterpointing lines that are frenzied, Galliambic almost: the rhythms of mania and depression. This same letter contains one of Dowson's trenchant and too rare comments on his reading:

> I have run through "Silas Lapham" again: pace Lionel, who declares it finer than anything of James, I don't value it unless seen as Cleveland very early, and I say—no, I don't mean that. Only what shows chiefly is an incomparable Talent for entering into the souls of vulgar people—and not in the judicial actual attitude of Flaubert & the Goncourts, but from their own point of view. Howells is provincial: Boston is really the standard by which he measures and weighs all things. He has no horizon, and then he writes in dialect, in Yankee and that's not realism (even Zola doesn't go so far) it's reportage. Thank God for James!

To James, indeed, he was passionately addicted and Boston could hardly stand after *The Europeans* and *The Bostonians*, but it remains notable in spite of the keen phrasing that the only permissible means of dealing with the mediocre and vulgar are aesthetic or naturalist detachment, though Flaubert's degree of involvement with Emma Bovary seems to have escaped Dowson.

In 1893, Foltinowicz died and Dowson proposed to Adelaide a declaration an unconscious wish to be rejected. The poem seems to indicate that Dowson could conceive of himself as coming to terms with "the glory of her waiting maidenhood". His feelings may have been relatively simple but certainly behaved with acrobatic practicality in arranging for Foltinowicz to make a will and see a play. A month or two before he had cast his bid for middle-class security, post of librarian in the London suburbs, as his friend Plarr had done on a grander scale. This was unsuccessful and may have been the turning-point of his life.

The better years in London were now coming to an end. His father died in 1894; his mother committed suicide six months after; the Rhymers' Club had begun quietly to dissolve itself; Wilde had been convicted. In the summer of 1895 Dowson gave up any attempt to make the family business pay and the years of wandering began. There were legal complications attending his patrimony and for the rest of his life he was to be in constant need of money. Like the last letters of Wilde, Dowson's between 1895 and 1899 are full of embarrassments, appeals, loans.

At this point, the shady but generous figure of the publisher Leonard Smithers entered his life. Now Dowson had decided not to compromise with security, hack-translate for Smithers represented some sort of freedom to die his own death. Nothing much else remained: his health had gone; his gift for poetry had gone and Adelaide was lost in Poland. Dowson seemed also to withdraw from the intimate friends, Moore and Plarr, who had been associated with the years of hope and who were now, he thought, separated from him by respectability. Legal difficulties brought a form of mild paranoia and he became morbidly anxious not to offend the imperturbable Smithers. At the close of 1896, his friend Frederick Cruickanthorpe, first of the "Tragic Generation", to disappear, drowned himself, and, in a letter to Conal O'Riordan, Dowson wrote: "I feel as if all the world have abandoned me—and Cruickanthorpe's ghost is calling to me from the other side of Styx." Yet he was still capable of making new friendships. Wilde among them. Life at Pont-Aven, where he spent most of one year, may have been pastoral, but it was sometimes rough.

* * *

The editors print the Proch Verbal of the ludicrous case of Dowson versus the Baker which is less funny than the version given in Yeats's *Autobiographies*. In 1897, Dowson came to London and stayed unaccountably with the Leversons, still in love with Adelaide and still without hope, for she was now engaged to a former waiter in her father's establishment. The letters to Leverson, Pushkin's vast and potentialities of the self. Dowson had little talent for life, played only one role: it is there in the constricting eloquence of a letter written back in 1892 to Plarr:

> What are you not doing? While I generally the most immaculate of men, action I do nothing. Live in a pool of dream, of nothing: and exhaustion before lived to such an extraordinary extent. To find an irrational resolution to oneself, eluding one's past results, by some strange freak, presumably a consolation. Does not the metaphysical passion become a visible metaphysical action, least, an abstract, metaphysical notion, or a sacrament, or a mystery in certain lights, becomes more credible than any material thing of appearance, one's own going or doing, or talk or [illegible] or the death one will be glad to have [illegible] an illuminator? Seem to have [illegible] terles, and I feel [illegible] because [illegible]

Modern History

RED LETTER DAY FOR THE CENTRAL OFFICE

LEWIS CHESTER, STEPHEN FAY, and HUGO YOUNG: *The Zinoviev Letter*. 219pp. Heinemann. 30s.

The few people who in recent years have troubled to take another look at the evidence have been reasonably certain that the famous Zinoviev letter of 1924 was a forgery. Unfortunately two very powerful institutions, the Foreign Office and the Conservative Party Central Office, were at the time deeply committed to a belief in its authenticity. No corporate body, ever when all the persons concerned have disappeared from the scene, likes to stand convicted of flagrant error—or worse—in a matter of such notoriety. Neither of these institutions will any longer positively assert the authenticity of the letter; but no encouragement will be given to reopen the question. Memories are fading. Documents have been dispersed or destroyed (the Foreign Office recently admitted that one of these had disappeared — presumably during a spring-cleaning of old files). The incident might be expected to slip away into history with the riddle unsolved.

The book now compiled by three young journalists will, for a short time at least, ruffle these tranquil waters. Evidence of a kind that the letter was a forgery has existed for forty years. In March, 1928, the Soviet authorities announced that they had unearthed a Russian named Druzhelovsky, who had been concerned in the forgery; and he named three Russian émigrés who had carried it out in Berlin under the instructions of a Polish intelligence officer. Things being what they were at the time it was less than a year since Austen Chamberlain had broken off relations with the U.S.S.R.), nobody in Great Britain took much notice of this; apparently only one newspaper even printed the statement in full.

In 1965, a former Speaker of the Polish Chamber of Deputies published memoirs in which he quoted the Prime Minister of the day as boasting that the forgery was the work of the Polish Deuxième Bureau. In 1966 the widow of one of the three men named by the Bolsheviks in 1928 gave a correspondent of the *Sunday Times* a detailed account of the forging of the Zinoviev letter by her husband and one of the other men named in the Soviet statement of 1928. Druzhelovsky had played a minor part in the affair. The Polish intelligence had apparently been the channel through which the forgery had reached the British authorities. This very circumstantial story fitted in closely with earlier accounts, and can hardly fail to carry conviction. Subject to any further evidence that may come to light, we can now say that we know with reasonable certainty how and where the letter was forged.

This leaves, however, two problems: the handling of the letter by the Foreign Office, and by the Conservative Central Office. Though interrelated, the two problems are really distinct. The first is the simpler. In the 1920s few people in Great Britain had any sympathy for the Russian revolution, and those few were not found in the circles which furnished recruits to the Foreign Office or the intelligence services. The branch of intelligence concerned with acquiring information about Russia needed Russian speakers. The only British subjects who had this qualification were, broadly speaking, former British residents in Russia who had lost their houses, their businesses and most of their wealth in the revolution. The Russian agents whom they employed were either "white" émigrés or disloyal Soviet citizens.

It would be absurd to suppose that these circumstances did not condition the character of the information collected and purveyed. Similar considerations applied to its reception in the Foreign Office. Everything said on the subject, then and later, shows that the genuineness of the letter was believed in implicitly, and taken as a matter of course. Nobody troubled to argue about it, or to refute the quite serious arguments on the other side. It was not worth while to discuss a point so obvious.

The hypothesis of a Foreign Office "plot" becomes therefore unnecessary. The Foreign Office can be convicted, not of dishonesty, but of a purblindness bred of the ingrained and largely unconscious bias of its officials. It is even doubtful whether, in rejoicing over the blow which could be struck to discredit the hated Bolsheviks, they paused to reflect that it would also strike a blow at the Labour Government on the eve of the general election. Foreign Office officials were not trained to think that way certainly not the austere Crowe, the head of the office, who had the responsibility for the dispatch of the letter with a note of protest to Rakovsky, the Soviet envoy.

Much suspicion has attached to Gregory, the Foreign Office official most directly concerned in the affair. His subsequent involvement in currency speculation showed him to have taken a fairly low view of his public obligations; and housemaid's gossip was quoted for some ambiguous utterances attributed to him at the time of the Zinoviev affair. But all this is at worst unproved. Gregory was a Roman Catholic (a point of more significance then than now); he circulated much in Polish nationalist circles, where he was *persona gratissima*; and he may conceivably, through his Polish contacts, have had more reason than his colleagues to suspect the real origin of the letter. If so, he brushed every suspicion aside, and threw himself *con amore* into the congenial task of fanning an anti-Bolshevist campaign.

The present volume has little new to say on this topic. But, apart from the proof of the forgery, it also throws fresh though fitful light on the role of the Conservative Party, derived from the papers of the late Conservative M.P., Major Guy Kindersley, who was the original contact man in the party. This story is now the most obscure part of the affair. It turns on a former secret service man, Jim Thurn (unimpeachably English, in spite of the name), who learnt from one of his friends in the service of the arrival of the letter, and, on October 15, 1924 (the very day on which MacDonald received the letter through the Foreign Office), visited Stanley Jackson and Lord Younger, the Conservative Party chairman and treasurer, with an introduction from Kindersley, and offered to obtain a copy of the letter for them for £7,500. The deal was apparently closed.

Jim Thurn found it difficult to carry out his part of the bargain. According to his diary, which has survived, and is reproduced in the appendix to this book, the next four days were spent in frenzied visits to secret service contacts, including the head of M.I.5, Admiral Hall, the retired war-time head of naval intelligence, and the head of Scotland Yard, in an effort to obtain a copy of the letter. It was not that the intelligence chiefs were unwilling to divulge the damning letter—quite the contrary. But they preferred to use other channels. The two copies received by the editor of the *Daily Mail* apparently came, one from Hall, the other from an old M.I.5 man. It seems to have been the knowledge that the *Daily Mail* was about to publish which induced the Foreign Office to jump the gun and send off its protest to Rakovsky.

There the matter rested for three-and-a-half years. Whether Jim Thurn ever succeeded in getting his copy for the Conservative Central Office is not clear. Probably not, since he got no payment at this time. But when in March, 1928, the Labour Opposition reopened the whole question in the House of Commons, Jim Thurn once more offered his services. He drafted a statement asserting that he had obtained the Zinoviev letter from an acquaintance in London in close touch with communist circles, that he had decided to communicate it to "the government department mainly concerned" and, through an intermediary, to the *Daily Mail*, and that he at no time received any information or help "from any official source". This statement was read by Baldwin to the House of Commons, and sufficed to crush Opposition protests. It was a tissue of equivocations and direct lies, as M.I.5 and the other intelligence agencies must have been aware. Whether Baldwin himself was tricked, or deliberately pulled the wool over the eyes of the House, is never likely to be known. The Zinoviev letter was never again seriously discussed in Parliament.

Jim Thurn had then reason to feel that he had performed a real service to the Conservative Party, and damned the Central Office for the £7,500 promised in 1924. The story was then different from the one invented for Baldwin. The money was needed for the agent from whom he had got the letter, a Pole who had emigrated, or was about to emigrate, to Argentina. Prudence or a guilty conscience seems to have been at work in the Central Office, which paid up £5,000. Jim Thurn was grateful, but not satisfied. On April 2, 1928, he wrote two letters—one to the Conservative Central Office asking for the balance of the money to be paid over the next ten years through "our agent" to the hypothetical Pole in Argentina, the other (beginning "Dear Ball" and ending "Yours ever") to the director of party publicity at the same address, asking for "the recognition previously promised" for Kindersley and himself in the Birthday honours. He did not get his knighthood; it is not known whether he got his money. One honour was conferred on him—posthumously. When he died in 1929, his widow received from Baldwin a personal letter of condolence, describing her husband as "a man who was always ready to give himself to the service of his country". A remarkable epitaph on a remarkable operator.

The authors of *The Zinoviev Letter* have shown skill and pertinacity in ferreting out this rabbit-warren of intrigue. Their story is told in a rather undistinguished journalistic style, but without embroidery, and with a laudable determination to stick to facts which can be proved, or established by reasonably certain conjectures. The only exception is the last chapter, in which the hypothesis is put forward that the agent who originally got the letter was the famous spy Sidney Reilly, who was caught and shot by the Russians a year later. This seems to rest on no serious evidence at all; indeed, if the letter was passed from the Polish to the British intelligence, no important British agent would have been involved. This is a pity; although the hypothesis is submitted merely as a guess, it detracts a little from the sober, matter-of-fact quality of the rest of the book.

Biography

DUELS, DRAMAS AND DEBAUCHES

DAVID MAGARSHACK: *Pushkin*. 320pp. Chapman and Hall. £3 3s.

Mr. Magarshack has already dealt with the lives of Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevsky and Chekhov; it was only to be expected that sooner or later he would apply his pen to Pushkin. The result is what anyone acquainted with Mr. Magarshack's style and technique as a popular biographer might have expected—a lively, fluent and readable biography. Indeed, for the popular biographer Pushkin's life presents the richest possible material. However tousled his life should rarely appear dull. The debauches, the debts, the love-affairs, the duels, the scandals, the brilliant friendships and connexions, the joy, the squalor, the misery and the tragedy—all should ensure pages of highly readable biography. Furthermore, Pushkin's vast and wholly unrestricted correspondence with his friends facilitates the task of the biographer who is prepared to make use of it, as indeed Mr. Magarshack does. Mr. Magarshack has crammed into his book as many letters as he was able to find; and we are grateful to him for this. Those of Pushkin's friends with which readers of Pushkin's biographies must be well

[illegible] little or nothing [illegible] Russian [illegible] the beginning of the nineteenth century [illegible] Russian [illegible] will be disappointed [illegible] Pushkin's life and [illegible] superficial

picture of his character and charm. But what of Pushkin the poet, the dramatist, the prose-writer? It would not be an exaggeration to say that the reader would learn more from half an hour with Mirsky's *History of Russian Literature*. It is true that Mr. Magarshack calls his book a biography and refrains from using the term "critical-biography, political events did certainly [illegible] out", Mr. Magarshack mentions Pushkin's challenge to the dramatic conventions of the Russian stage ("he did not divide it into acts, he made a final break with the three unities, he used unrhymed pentameters instead of Alexandrines and Tsar Boris, the hero of the play, is a murderer and some of the monks are comic figures"). He then touches on the "use of coarse language by certain characters in the play" as evidence of Pushkin's attempt to represent people truthfully, without however relating it to Pushkin's destruction of the "fourth unity" (the unity of style)—thus there is nothing about the extraordinarily subtle blend of Old Church Slavonic, Old Russian and Modern Russian (i.e., the Russian of the salons). There is moreover nothing about Pushkin's peculiarly modern sense of history, nothing about the basic historical conflict of the tragedy, and nothing about the inherent unity of action within the play. *Evgeny Onegin* fares no better. In fourteen lines Mr. Magarshack mentions its "perpetual freshness", the use of a "special stanza", the reader's awareness of Pushkin's presence in the poem, and the fact that Pushkin's comments are based on a profound understanding of humanity and a sympathy for the tragic undercurrent of life. Thirty or so more lines are then devoted to the plot. Other works (*Ruslan and Lyudmila*, *The Caucasian Captive* and *Count Nulin*, for example) receive equally superficial treatment. *The Bronze Horseman* receives no critical comment at all.

There is, it is true, an attempt to describe the language of *The Devils*, which shows some insight into the style of the poem. But on the same page we find the following: "Pushkin's prolific and masterly use of the adjective and adverb is another feature of his mature poetry. It can be said that it is this use of the adjective that most reveals the greatness as a poet", which is just the same as saying that Pushkin often uses adjectives and uses them in a masterly way. But what sort of adjectives? How does he use them? When? Where? Why? Such unprecise description tells the reader nothing and is on a par with such vague clichés as "an original work of art . . . remarkable for artistic perfection", "his famous poem", "one of the finest lyrical poems", "the great and unsurpassed poet", &c., which are to be found in this book.

Much of this may seem unfair. But surely, even a biography of Pushkin should give the reader some positive help and guidance on his writings and even on their place in nineteenth-century Russian literature? Surely, too, something should be said of Pushkin's dedication as a poet and his utter self-absorption in the joys of creation? The fantastic events of Pushkin's life cannot escape being dull if we know nothing of what lay behind his scandalous activities and if we cannot perceive his passionate professionalism as a writer. Indeed, how can we begin to understand the vagaries of his political inclinations, his seemingly irresponsible flirting with liberalism and autocracy, if we know nothing of what made him write?

The book is marred by carelessness and omissions. There are several mistranslations (e.g., p. 23 "amidst Muromsk deserts"), mistakes (the quotation on pp. 275-6, for example, is not from Pushkin's diary but from a letter to his wife) and misprints ("Roulbanova" occurs several times, although the index gets it right). There is no consistent system of transliteration (thus Gnedich and Gnedítch, Rupevsky and Rupévsky, Nikolaevna, Petitgorsk and Vyazémsky, &c.). There are no notes, no references. The bibliography is poor (no mention of Zhirmunsky or Chukovsky, for instance: and Tomashevsky's work can hardly be described as a biography). The illustrations are good.

The review in our issue of September 28 of Victor Serge's *Les Révolutionnaires* said that three of Serge's novels are being published in translation in America. They will be published in this country by Gollancz, and the first of them, translated under the title *Birth of Our Power*, will be coming out in March, 1968.

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BELL

It has often been necessary in these columns to express disapproval and disappointment at the sometimes violent persecution of writers that persists in the Soviet Union. Although Jubilee Year piety ought not to encourage any glossing over of abuses that manifestly still exist, the anniversary does at least offer an occasion for some kind of total view of Soviet literature's achievements since the revolution. Indignation at, say, the treatment of Sinyavsky and Daniel can easily lead us to assume that Soviet literature has had little more to offer than the mistreatment of its practitioners.

When the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917, very few writers did not support them. Some reacted more positively than others. Mayakovsky embraced the revolution almost hysterically, zestfully proclaiming its immense power and seeing in it the destruction of bourgeois mediocrity. Esenin (and to some extent Pilnyak) saw in it the victory of the countryside whereby the Russian peasant would overthrow the urban materialist and resurrect the venerable traditions of the village. A powerful literary group known as the Serapion Brethren interpreted the revolution as a licence for fantasy, the liberation not only of the toiling masses but also of the imagination and they hoped it would produce a culture adventurously worthy of the political and social upheaval; startling new forms were to be invented to express it.

Others rather improbably proclaimed the defeat of rationality, the liberation of instinct. Isaac Babel and Vsevolod Ivanov concentrated somewhat morbidly on the revolution's cruelty, and in their work chronicled violence in such detail that the civil war's ostensible purpose was almost forgotten. Yet in the work of both these writers, as in Alexander Blok's poem *The Twelve*, even the nastiest Red revolutionary was granted to be well-intentioned, the soldiers having taken it

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upon themselves to perform tasks of which the intellectual was meekly incapable, but from which he would gladly benefit in the end. That ancient dilemma which drove Ivan Karamazov mad—whether the intellectual can put into violent practice concepts of revolution he can accept abstractly—became, not surprisingly, the cause for much soul-searching among Russian writers.

Although Lenin, not to mention Trotsky—whose cultural pronouncements were on the whole impressively sophisticated—favoured a considerable degree of freedom and flexibility in the arts, both of them being respectfully aware of the value of "bourgeois" culture, the trend that began ominously to flourish in Russian literature during the 1920s and to bid for official recognition and predominance, had little in common with the adventurous exuberance with which the revolution had infected so many intellectuals: the notion of proletarian culture (honoured by Trotsky and deeply suspected by Lenin) was conceived at this time, whereby the vanguard of the revolution, the class that had established the new order, was to overthrow the cultural values of the bourgeois era, and establish its own new militant culture.

By 1934, when, in his speech to the First Writers' Congress, Zhdanov demanded that writers be "engineers of souls", proletarian culture and its progeny, socialist realism, were virtually being enforced, although their principal exponents were usually by no means proletarians.

It would be foolish to suppose that such apparently tyrannical impositions produced wholly artificial results. Of course, it is easy to laugh at and be bored by construction novels, to despair at lengthy technical descriptions of mining processes and the installation of electric power. But then these novels were being directed at a public whose meticulously planned education laid great emphasis on technology. Valentin Katayev's novel *Time Forward* (1933) is perhaps the most admirable example of how the construction of an industrial plant could be described with a genuine sense of excitement, so that the reader really feels hectically involved in the successful and speedy completion of the project.

The most that more sophisticated writers could settle for in the 1930s were those complex, rambling epics like *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Road to Calvary*, where the revolution and the new life were treated with a merited enormity of scope (much in the tradition of the nineteenth-century epic), and without the monolithic tendentiousness which officialdom often attempted to impose.

The October revolution has left its mark on almost every work of Soviet literature and only occasionally, as in *Dr. Zhivago*, has a hostile line been taken. Zamyatin's splendid novel *We*, for instance, is as frantic an attack on the possible consequences of totalitarianism as *1984*, but then during the 1920s the revolution was even able to laugh at itself, producing, in the work of Zoschenko for instance, but also in Mayakovsky's plays, the sort of comedy of revolutionary manners which, had it been allowed to survive, would have done the revolution no harm. Unfortunately, the promise of those days, when the revolution appeared to have inspired a literature vigorously worthy of it, has been checked by the party officials' philistinism, more reminiscent of the nineteenth-century bureaucratic pig-headedness that Gogol and Chekhov satirized so memorably than of the revolution's initial purposes.

Yet the revolution has inspired great literature, and has, too, made some form of culture accessible to an unprecedented number of people—even introducing literature to many outlandish non-Russian republics whose cultural traditions had always been of necessity strictly oral. Who would have imagined fifty years ago that Abkhazia, for instance, could produce so sophisticated a writer as Fazil Iskander?

It is only surprising that after fifty years of such considerable, if sometimes bumpy achievement, the Soviet Government does not now feel itself confident enough to permit the less orthodox (but nevertheless always faithfully communist) members of the intelligentsia to develop their own idiosyncrasies without harassment. The only progress they can hope for at present is a painfully slow one. Such victories as they have gained since the death of Stalin will not, presumably, be lost. But there are few signs that any startling change of outlook will ever be wrested from the authorities while the present generation of Soviet leaders remain in power. Meanwhile, rumours that *Dr. Zhivago* is to be published and Sinyavsky and Daniel are to be released as Jubilee gestures remain rumours.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ARTHUR WALEY'S MSS.

Sir,—In view of requests by orientalists and biographers for access to material, I wish to make it known that in the early morning of a day in May, 1963, the premises at No. 22 Great James Street, W.C.1, which my husband rented to house his library were broken into and a determined and calculated removal was on that day interrupted but subsequently carried out of a vast amount of material—manuscripts, journals, diaries, notebooks, together with private and personal letters and photographs—and that this callous and dastardly act has gone unpunished and largely uninvestigated.

ALISON WALEY.

50 Southwood Lane, Highgate Village, London, N.6.

THE REPRINT BUSINESS

Sir,—Among their other duties, librarians are employed to exercise their trained judgment in the buying of new books. Is the marketing of reprints so much more "aggressive" (Mr. Dewey, September 28) that the critical faculties of the library buyer are paralysed? Mr. Rosenberg (October 26) asks who wants a reprint of the original edition of Nathan Drake's *Essays*; he considers Professor Spector's project to be worthless. If it is so, and if prospective buyers exercise their usual judgment, then poor sales will be the publishers' just and salutary reward.

Whatever the merits and demerits of the case, the argument was as vigorous at the beginning of the last century. In 1805 the first edition of Drake's *Essays* (and the reprint of Addison and Steele they accompanied) were praised by the *Monthly Review*. From the *Critical Review* they received the following blast:

> We lately called the present age of literature the era of republication: it seems to have been a sort of prophecy, for Dr. Drake's Essays had not then reached us. In the insulted name of common sense, of what utility to anyone besides the author, can long and repeated extracts from books, in the hands of the whole world, be considered? . . . Must stories at which the world has smiled and wept for near a century, now again be drummed down our throats in wire-wove, vellum, and hot-pressed repositories of ancient sense and modern nonsense?

The reviewer deplored "the crude [illegible] farrago of Dr. Drake's catchpenny Essays" and declared: "We cannot consider them in any other light than the disgraceful one of lucrative but needless republications."

IAIN BAIN.

New Cottage, Newnham, Baldock, Herts.

A QUESTION OF COLLUSION

Sir,—I would like to draw attention to a serious error which appeared in my recent book, *The Suez Affair*, reviewed by you on April 28 last. On page 50 of this book I said that Mr. Harold Macmillan, in 1956 Chancellor of the Exchequer, told the United States diplomat, Robert Murphy, that the Government had set aside £5m. for the purpose of the recovery of the Suez Canal in 1956. This figure should read £500m. The figure of £5m. appeared in Mr. Murphy's book, *Diplomat Among Warriors* (page 462) and was repeated by me. Correspondence with Mr. Murphy, however, has revealed that Mr. Murphy himself wrote £500m. in his text but a printer's error caused it to turn out as £5m.

This correction of course suggests that the Suez expedition cost rather less, and not rather more, than Her Majesty's Government seems to have anticipated.

HUGH THOMAS.

Department of History, The University of Reading, Faculty of Letters, Whiteknights Park, Reading.

MR BOSWELL COMES TO LONDON

Sir,—The statement in the excellent article in the *TLS* of October 19 that Boswell described himself as "Baron Boswell", on the Continent, with its plain innuendo that he was thereby guilty of the crudest form of social false pretences, calls for a footnote.

He was, in fact until the death of his father the heir to the Scottish feudal barony of Auchinleck, which was created in about 1504 and afterwards himself Baron of Auchinleck.

His father took, as a Lord of Session, the title of Lord Auchinleck, and when, in deference to English custom, it became the practice to refer to the Lords of Session as "paper lords" he replied tartly to a question as to whether his [illegible] well that "he was ower auld to be taking mistresses".

Though James Boswell was never technically "Baron Boswell", he was nevertheless a perfectly genuine member of the territorial nobility of Scotland and his position in the Europe of the ancien régime where the law of status approximated much more closely to Scottish than to English usage, would have been perfectly understood.

There were enough contradictions and deceptions in his complex and unhappy character to make it of some marginal importance to avoid seeing them where they were not present, and in this case I think he may be fairly acquitted.

ERIC McLELLAN.

3 Pump Court, Temple, London, E.C.4.

HISTORIAN OF CRISIS

Sir,—In a "throw away line" which has no bearing on the main argument your reviewer of Professor Trevor Roper's *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change* (October 19) says: "Ptolemaic cosmology was a product of a certain social and cultural background: so much is truistic." As a humble student of Ptolemy's text, I suggest that his cosmology was the product of strictly scientific arguments and nothing else. The reasons that he gives, for example, in the *Almagest* I, 7 (ed. Heiberg, pp.245-263) for deciding that the earth is motionless as opposed to those who held that it rotates on its axis approximately once every day are strictly scientific, and in the state of science at that time they must have seemed overwhelmingly convincing.

IVOR BULMER-THOMAS.

12 Edwardes Square, London, W.8.

VOTES FOR VICTORIANS

Sir,—Surveying J. R. Vincent's *Pollbooks: How the Victorians Voted* (October 26), your reviewer says of the 191 clerical abstentions in the East Norfolk by-election of 1841 that "presumably they were pluralists or gout-afflicted rectors living at Bath". The reasons for abstention of at least one Victorian cleric were much more complex: Benjamin Armstrong, Vicar of East Dereham, notes in his diary for 1852:

> My present intention is not to vote at all . . . it seems advisable for the pastor of a town parish not to take [illegible] be for the conservatives, and my notion of filial piety will not allow this while my father is a Whig. (*Armstrong's Norfolk Diary*, ed. H. B. J. Armstrong [1963] p.29.)

He was still sticking to these principles in 1859, but in 1880 he gave his two votes, one for Dereham, the other as pluralist incumbent of Hoe, to the Conservative candidates for West and South Norfolk (p. 76, p.169). Not all abstentions were because of pluralism, nor were all pluralists abstainers.

P. G. SCOTT.

Digby Hall, Stoughton Drive South, Leicester.

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INSECTICIDE

Sir,—Capek should indeed be read again. Excellent translations exist by Paul Selver, the Weatheralls and others of nearly all his work. Six or eight of his books are in print; others are being reprinted.

STANLEY UNWIN.

George Allen & Unwin Ltd., Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

Sir,—The reviewer of Karel Čapek's *Fotka s Mloky* (October 26) expresses the view that Čapek was "no philosopher, no great poet, no believer in great causes". All these statements strike me as being utterly unjustified, if not worse. Your reviewer may not be aware that in 1917 Čapek published a book entitled "Pragmatism; or the philosophy of everyday life". As regards his poetical ability, it is amply demonstrated in *Francouzská Poesie Nové Doby* (Modern French Poetry) which appeared in 1920. It contains some ninety translations from upwards of fifty poets, including Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Samain, Mallarmé and Apollinaire. In the preface Čapek wrote:

> French poems, how great was the comfort you brought me in those days when I was completely absorbed by you. That was the time when we were experiencing the Verdun ordeal. An intense solace was lavished by each of those stirring poems. . . .

A comparison of Čapek's translations with the French originals reveals how deeply he was inspired by them. In this context at least he is entitled to be regarded as a great poet.

Towards the end of the review there is a ridiculous suggestion that Čapek conferred a benefit on his compatriots "by injecting into their still somewhat Germanic minds a little humour and humanity". Over the years I have become acquainted with many Czechs, but none of them had "Germanic minds", whether "still" or "somewhat" or otherwise. It is hardly surprising that your reviewer, prompted by such a quaint idea as this, fails to come to terms with Čapek's artistic personality.

PAUL SELVER.

London, W.4.

SMALL LATIN, AND LESS GREEK

Sir,—In order to avoid unnecessary duplication of little-used material the librarians of Institutes and Schools of Education cooperate in a storage scheme for obsolescent pupils' textbooks.

The University of Leeds Institute Library undertakes responsibility for the coverage of the classical languages. The sizable collection accumulated in this field over several years has been augmented from the personal collection of Mr. W. B. Thompson of the University's Department of Education. He is compiling a check-list to be published, it is hoped, next year.

In order to make the list as comprehensive as possible the compilers would be very grateful for additional items. Anyone wishing to dispose of classics textbooks published before the Second World War is asked to communicate with me at the Institute Library.

J. S. ANDREWS,
Librarian-in-Charge.

The Institute of Education Library, The University, Leeds, 2.

A DONNE DISCOVERY

Sir,—May I suggest a slightly different and, I believe, more cogent interpretation of the Latin poem on Ignatius of Loyola published, translated and commented on in your issue of October 19? In line one *sacer* and *sanctus* are obviously opposed to each other; they cannot "refer respectively to Loyola's beatification and canonization". Nor is *ante* rightly translated by *already*. *Sacer* must have the sense which it has in Vergil's *auri sacra fames*: cursed, not *venerable* or blessed. It certainly represents the opinion which non-catholics had long held about Ignatius of Loyola and which they would still hold for a very long time despite his canonization. As a saint he would be considered by them as *nothus* (line six), which means illegitimate or bastard rather than *interloper*. Of course "*stabulum* (line eleven) might mean any kind of humble dwelling or inn" in another context, but in this one there is no alternative to *stable*, as rightly translated by Dr. Stanwood. The sinister *cleverness* of the Holy Father is underlined by his coupling of Germanus of Auxerre and Ignatius of Loyola in the Calendar "ut Simon et Judas, quos tenet una dies". No contemporary reader of the poem would have failed to think of another *Judas*. There may be a pun in the final couplet based on *quartani anni februa* recalling *quartana febris*. The original meaning of *februa* may have been partly preserved by the author of the poem, implying a much needed purification, but the actual date of the classical feast, February 15, cannot be meant: it was not a *conflatus dies*, i.e., a fictitious day. The reference must be to February 29, a date which did not figure in the traditional calendar but which was included in the new popish calendar.

CARLO DIONISOTTI.

Bedford College, London, N.W.1.

OUT OF PRINT

Sir,—I wonder if any other of your readers have encountered difficulty in obtaining English paperbacks?

Out of twenty-two recently ordered eighteen were out of print although all are listed in the current "Paperbacks in Print" and several still appear in their respective publishers' catalogues.

PATRICK T. MOORE.

116 North Alexandria Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90004.

ISOLATIONISM

Sir,—Your kind review of my book *Splendid Isolation* (August 31) contained one incorrect statement, viz.: "So far as the words themselves are concerned *The Times* can claim to be the coiner."

In your issue of October 12, Mr. J. A. Boudreau rightly calls attention to this mistake, for which, he writes, I, as author of the book, am also "presumably" responsible.

May I refer Mr. Boudreau to page 14 of my book in which I stated that the real author of this famous phrase, although he was not the first person to utter these precise words, was George Eulus Foster, leader of the Canadian House of Commons and Minister of Finance in Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Conservative Government. On January 16, 1896, Foster declared in the Canadian House of Commons that "the great mother Empire stands splendidly isolated in Europe". The first recorded example of the use of the phrase in the form in which it is usually quoted appears to have occurred in the course of a speech by Sir Richard Cartwright, a prominent member of the Canadian Liberal Party, who later in the debate on January 16 paraphrased Foster's remark: "I have a word or two to say on this same subject of 'splendid isolation'." Foster's speech was reported in *The Times* on January 18 and quoted—or, rather, slightly misquoted—by Joseph Chamberlain in a speech on January 21. *The Times* reported the relevant passage in Chamberlain's speech under the cross-heading "Splendid Isolation". Thus *The Times* contributed at an early stage to making the phrase well known, but cannot rightly be said to have been its coiner.

To avoid misunderstanding, I should make it clear that I claim no originality in attributing the real authorship of this famous phrase to Foster. This information is to be found in several standard reference books.

As Mr. Boudreau suspects that I "presumably" share the "apathetic attitude towards Canada", which he so rightly deplores, I should like, if I may, to quote one sentence from my book: "Splendid Isolation is a phrase of Canadian origin."

CHRISTOPHER HOWARD.

University of London King's College, Strand, W.C.2.

THE MYTHICAL WORLD OF OPERA

By W. H. Auden

A somewhat shortened version of the third of Mr. Auden's T. S. Eliot Memorial Lectures given at the University of Kent last week

IN the primary world we have all experienced cases when, as we say, we "felt like singing". We may even sometimes be tempted to sing, but if we do, we are dissatisfied with the results, for two reasons. First, most of us cannot produce pleasing sounds. Secondly, even if we are professional singers, we cannot compose a song expressly for the occasion; we can only sing some song that is already in existence which we happen to know. In the hypothetical case of someone who is both a singer and a composer, he will be equally baffled because music takes time to compose and by the time he has composed something for the occasion, the occasion will be over. However, an examination of the kinds of situations and experiences in the primary world which make us feel like singing offers a clue to the kind of secondary worlds which opera can create.

These are always extraordinary situations or states of violent emotion in which we feel an urgent need for utterance. We cannot remain silent, but we feel that words would be an inadequate medium for such utterance. Why we should feel that song would be adequate where words are not is a difficult question to answer. I think it has something to do with the fact that our use of words is by no means confined to formalized literary forms, like poetry and fiction. Words are a medium for everyday, informal communication with other members of our own species concerning practical affairs. And then again most of our normal conversation is addressed to, or elicited by, another individual and thought of as private, that is to say concerning only the speaker and the listener, not an audience.

* * *

Furthermore, when our emotional state passes a certain degree of intensity, even when, as in love, another human being seems to be the cause, it seems to be of universal significance. It is no longer sufficient that the girl we love should know that we love her. The whole world must know. The formalized art of poetry goes some way to meet our needs. Adverse drama already involves the audience as well as the protagonists, but music goes much farther. Singing is a form of public outcry. It is, on the voluntary level, what an "ouch" of pain or the howl of a hungry baby is on the involuntary.

It is possible to speak in two manners, in prose or in verse. But there are no two ways of singing. The only alternative to song is silence. Though few have the talent for composing [illegible] anybody, can be taught to speak them—at least adequately. Very few, however, can be taught to sing. To possess the vocal cords which would make sounds other people want to listen to is a gift granted to very few—singing, like classical ballet dancing, is a virtuoso art. A virtuoso art can be tragic or comic, but it has only one style, the high style. A low or humble style and virtuosity are incompatible.

If one listens to a recording of an opera [illegible] sung in a language that one does not know, one can generally tell what is the particular emotional state—love, rage, grief, joy or so forth—which a singer is expressing at a given time, but one cannot tell whether a singer is a duchess, a chambermaid, a prince or a policeman. All social distinctions and all differences in age are abolished by song. In the case of some operas like *Rosenkavalier* and *Arabella*, one cannot even tell the sex. Nor, I think, on the evidence one hears from them can one tell whether the singer is a noble hero or a wicked villain. When one can guess these things it is because the composer has obeyed certain historical conventions. By convention, for example, the noble hero is a tenor, the wicked villain a baritone. Old men are basses, the voices of servants have a lighter timbre than that of their masters or mistresses. But this is purely a convention which a composer is free to ignore if he wishes.

The job of a librettist is to furnish the composer with a plot of characters and words. Of these the least important so far as the audience is concerned are the words. The opera house is not a lieder recital hall and they will be very fortunate if they hear one word in seven. The verbal text of an opera is to be judged not by the literary quality or lack of it, which it may have when read, but by its success or failure in exciting the musical imagination of the composer. This does not mean of course that its literary quality is of no importance. Most composers will be more stimulated by good verses than by silly ones, provided they are so written as to be acceptable to musical notes and are singable.

Would it not be better, we ask at this point, if all composers wrote their own libretti like Wagner? If most do not, the reason, I think, is not merely that they feel incompetent to write one. However much preliminary discussion may have gone on between composer and librettist, the composer cannot know what the actual text will be until he receives it, and when he does it will certainly present him with problems he had not foreseen. The challenge of solving these is a stimulus to his imagination which would be lacking if he had written the text himself.

* * *

Verbal speech and music are two kinds of language, and if they are to be married satisfactorily it is essential to know in what way they differ from each other, and what are the virtues and limitations of each. A verbal statement and a musical phrase are both temporal successions of sounds that take time to say or to play, but words, unlike notes, have denotative meanings. Consequently in most verbal statements there is little or no relation between the temporal succession of the words and the thought which they express. When we speak, that is to say, we are usually stopping to think, but music is always going on to "become". In verbal speech, I can say "I love you". Music can, I believe, express the equivalent of "I love" but it is incapable of saying who or what I love—you, God or the decimal system. Music, one might say, is always intransitive, and in the first person.

For this reason it makes no sense to ask of a piece of music or a painting: Does the composer or the painter mean what he says or is he just pretending? Lying or self-deception can be expressed by neither. Verbal speech on the other hand has three persons, singular and plural, past, present and future tenses, an active and a passive voice. But in a certain sense one might say that most verbal statements are in the subjunctive rule—verifiable that is to say, if at all, by appeal to non-verbal facts. This being so, what elements in verbal speech can most readily be wedded to musical notes, in order to produce song? To begin with, obviously, the more dynamic verbal elements—interjections like Oh, Alas, Hail; verbs of motion like running, flying, swimming; verbs indicating the physical concomitants of emotion like laughing, weeping, sighing; and phrases expressing temporal succession or repetition. Then, because of the essential public nature of music, all nouns which denote beings, motions and concepts which are universally felt, consciously or unconsciously, to be of sacral importance—the sun, the moon, the sea, the four elements, God, death, grief, love, joy and what have you.

* * *

To be avoided by a librettist as difficult or impossible to set are, firstly, puns or double meanings. For instance the line, "Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing" is unsettable because there is no way of conveying the two meanings of "dear" as precious and expensive. Verse that relies for its effect on spatial imagery, upon complicated metaphors, is also unsettable. Music cannot imitate visual facts, and the complicated metaphor, like "the crowd that spanielled him at heels", takes more time to grasp than music can give it even if, as is unlikely, the audience can hear every word. Then it seems to be an empirical fact—I suspect it has something to do with musical tempo being generally slower than speech tempo—that composers find short lines of verse easier to set than long ones. The decasyllabic line of English blank verse in the heroic couplet, for example, appears to be too long to fall easily into natural musical phrases. The question which a librettist must continually ask himself is: "Can I imagine this line I have just written gaining in emotional impact if it is sung instead of being spoken?" If he cannot, then the chances are that his composer will feel the same.

When writing an aria or an ensemble Chester Kallman and myself always find it helpful to let our choice of words and style be guided by a sort of platonic idea of a suitable melody. Naturally we were not such fools as to breathe a word about this, but to our utmost astonishment and delight, every time both Stravinsky and Henze composed actual music, it corresponded to our platonic ideas.

A secondary world must draw its building materials from the primary world, but it can only take such experiences as its creator is capable of imaginatively transforming and recombining. This seems to mean that in practice no secondary world can have a setting in the immediate present. The factuality of the immediate present is too strong to imagine it other than it is; too strong, at least, whenever strong emotions and suffering are involved. It might be possible to have an *opera buffa* with a contemporary setting but not, I think, an *opera seria*.

At the same time no secondary world can fully hold our attention unless it has something significant to say—we need not necessarily be consciously aware of what it is—about our present life. The most successful heroes and heroines in opera are mythical figures. That is to say, whatever their historical or geographical setting, they embody some element of human nature or some aspect of the human condition which is a permanent concern of human beings irrespective of their time and place. Perhaps I should modify this slightly and say that while no genuine myth is ever totally irrelevant, their rank of importance varies with time and place. To one age and one culture this myth may seem more relevant, to another age and another culture that. Further historical and cultural changes may produce new myths. Kafka was not only a mythopoeic genius but also a 20th-century one. Nietzsche showed great insight when he wrote of Wagner's libretti:

> Would you believe it that Wagner's heroines one and all, once they have been divested of their heroic husks, are almost indistinguishable from Madame Bovary? Just as one can conceive conversely of Flaubert being well able to transform all his heroines into Scandinavian or Carthaginian women and then offering them to Wagner in their mythologized form as a libretto. Indeed, generally speaking Wagner does not seem to be interested in any problems than those which engross the little Parisian decadence today; always five paces away from the hospital. All very modern problems. All problems which are at home in big cities.

Where Nietzsche was wrong was in imagining that this was a fault. Had Wagner been unable to feel in Norse mythology or the Nieberlungen legends any relevance to the moral and social problems of the nineteenth century he could not have made them come alive in his operas.

* * *

Because of the dynamic nature of music and the virtuoso nature of singing, opera cannot successfully deal with passive characters or helpless victims of fate. To sing is the most gratuitous of acts, so that the world of opera is a world of personal deeds. Nothing can happen in it which a psychologist could call socially-conditioned behaviour. The characters who are naturally suited to inhabit it therefore are not only passionate but wilfully so; persons who insist on their fate, however terrible or comically absurd. Though some tenors are under the illusion it is permissible, the sorrowing character in opera must never actually sob or

weep. He must sing his grief, that is to say, remain his master. So long as the characters in opera remain the master or mistress of their soul they can come from any social class or indeed, as Janáček's excellent opera *Die schlaue Füchsin* demonstrates, they can be animals. Since Mozart's time the librettist has been expected to provide the composer with characters who are interesting as well as capable of singing. Most eighteenth-century *opera seria* before Mozart deserves the epithet "Canary fodder" which has been unjustly applied to the operas of Bellini and Donizetti. For in this style of opera one operatic element, virtuoso singing, was exalted to the almost total neglect of character and plot interest. A typical opera of this kind consists of a succession of elaborate *da capo* arias preceded by short passages of recitative, an occasional duet but no ensemble, and after each aria the singer left the stage. All that the librettist was expected to do was to provide a few lines of singable verse expressing stereotyped emotions and moral judgments, the words of which could be repeated as often as the composer's musical ideas required.

In consequence very few operas of the period have remained viable as stage works, however beautiful some of their music may be. Mozart broke through the convention with his extended symphonically treated finales; Bellini and Donizetti realized the great dramatic possibilities of the ensemble; and in their very different ways Verdi and Wagner broke up the formal symmetrical aria and at the same time gave the recitative, dramatic and lyrical qualities which it had previously lacked. We use the term "music drama" in a less specialized sense than Wagner did, when we say that every successful opera since Mozart has been a music drama. Since the characters sing they must stand fairly still in order to be heard. And since to sing anything takes much longer than it takes to say it, one of the librettist's headaches is to provide his libretto with a sense of dramatic movement so that it doesn't become static like an oratorio.

* * *

When one examines successful librettos I think one will find that in them exits and entrances have a much more vital role to play than in the spoken drama. An excellent example of this is the first act of *Tristan*. It lasts 1½ hours and almost the only event in it is the mutual drinking of the love potion. Yet it never does one have the sense of that becoming static. When one looks and sees how this is done, one notices the extraordinary skill with which Wagner managed the exits and entrances of his four main characters. Opera, said Goethe, is a succession of significant situations arranged in an artificial sequence. A good opera plot is one that provides as many and as varied situations in which it seems plausible that the characters should sing. This means that no opera plot can be sensible, for in sensible situations people do not sing. An opera plot must be, in both senses of the word, a melodrama.

When sensible or unemotional moments occur in the story, and it is very difficult to eliminate them entirely, then the characters must either speak or employ a musical convention like *recitativo secco*. Of course in tragic opera, as in spoken tragedy, a plausible situation and plausible motive is to be preferred to an implausible. But music can make things credible or at least acceptable which in a spoken play would cause laughter. In a spoken play, for example, I think we should laugh if we were told that a woman had been careless enough to throw her own baby into the fire instead of the child of her enemy, but when this happens in *Il Trovatore* we have little difficulty in swallowing it. Again, the emotional persuasiveness of music is so much greater than that of words. The character in opera can switch from one state of feeling to another with an abruptness which in a spoken drama would be incredible.

* * *

Now I shall devote the rest of this lecture to a description of the problems which Chester Kallman and I encountered on the three occasions we have written together. *The Rake's Progress* for Igor Stravinsky, *Elegy for Young Lovers* and *The Bassarids*, both for Hans Henze.

The Rake's Progress. In this case it was Stravinsky who chose the subject. On looking at Hogarth engravings he had noticed that in the one der Ling. Bedlam, there is a blind beggar playing a one-string fiddle and this had excited his imagination. In the opera he actually wrote there is no such figure, but as a sidelight on the way the creative mind works the anecdote has interest. I think it is always essential that before starting work the librettist should know the style and scale of opera the composer has in mind. Stravinsky wished to write an opera of the Mozart kind with set numbers, recitatives *recitativo secco* and an orchestra of modest Mozartian proportions. This suited us fine since for a librettist it is technically easier to write a libretto for such conventions than a music drama of Wagnerian type. About the subject we felt less happy. In the engravings Hogarth is clearly interested in the Rake as a person. His adventures are a series of mature events illustrating various moral lessons of life in eighteenth-century London. But for the functions of the opera the characters in the series are certainly too engaging in themselves. As you look from picture to picture you feel that the hero's decline is bound to be followed by another. The previous failure has shown us how disappear and there is seen in earnest, even company. As a person therefore he has no history. His relations to others are conventional and accidental. Further, the nature of the visual arts is such that they cannot portray inner conflict. Hogarth's Rake is a purely passive figure whose role is to succumb to whatever temptation, lust, boredom, money, and so forth, he is led into next. This filled us with dismay for, as I said, passive characters cannot sing. So far as the story is concerned all we had to go on was the basic premise of the young man who inherits a fortune, is corrupted by it and ends in penury and madness.

* * *

Of the whole series only two, the Brothel and Bedlam, seemed obviously usable. Our first problem therefore was to invent a history for our hero, to give him ties to a limited number of characters, male and female, who would be both permanent and interesting. Secondly, though he would have to be shown as always yielding to temptation, he must also be shown as making some effort to resist, and the temptations should be of significantly different kinds. If he was to have any mythical resonance, though settings, costume and diction might be eighteenth-century, he would have to be an embodiment of Everyman and the libretto a mixture of fairy story and medieval morality play. If his moral conflict is to be manifested on the stage then we should require two characters, one who tempts and one who is tempted. So as Faust is accompanied by Mephisto, Tom Rakewell acquires a certain Nick Shadow. Now we had at least continuous roles for two singers. As compensation, not altogether satisfactory, for Tom's passivity we decided to make him a manic-depressive—one moment up in the clouds, the next down in the dumps. This would at least give his role some musical variety. As a structural device we used one so common in fairy tales, that of the Three Wishes. Tom's three are: *I wish I had money. I wish I were happy. I wish it were true.* Of the three roles for female voices that we thought up one must be easy and obvious, but [illegible] to devote all the time to poetry. In addition, by acting as his housekeeper and secretary, Carolina relieves him of all practical chores. For the past ten years another admirer, Wilhelm Reischmann (bass), who is a widower, has kept him in good health and youthful vigour with medicines and hormone injections. Their attitude towards him is a mixture of admiration, amusement and possessiveness. He is their big baby who could not manage without them. Lately he has acquired as a mistress another young admirer, Elizabeth Zimmer (soprano), of whom, as might be expected, Carolina is suspicious and resentful. A permanent resident of the Black Eagle Inn, as the four of them now are, is Frau Hilda Mack (coloratura soprano), our Miss Havisham character, who from time to time goes into trances and has visions. Remembering that Yeats had a wife by whose mediumistic gifts he profited, it seemed plausible that Mittenhofer should have discovered Frau Mack and made it his habit to visit her from time to time, bringing his entourage with him.

Act I: Dr. Reischmann is expecting the arrival of his son and Mittenhofer's godson, Toni, (tenor). Mittenhofer is in a very bad temper because he has been at the inn for over a week and Frau Mack has not yet obliged with a vision. Toni arrives and Mittenhofer introduces him to Elizabeth. As they shake hands Frau Mack goes into a trance. Then withdraw, leaving Mittenhofer alone with her talking notes of what she says. As he'd hoped, her vision gives him the first inklings for a new poem. Now he is going to be able to start work. Then something unexpected happens, a mountain guide Josef Mauer (spoken role) enters to announce that the body of Frau Mack's husband has emerged from the glacier 40 years after he fell through the crevasse. Frau Mack is dazed at first, but the years of timeless waiting over, she will have to change her life.

Act 2: Some days later, Toni and Elizabeth have fallen in love with each other, or imagine they have. Their love duet and embrace is interrupted by a horrified Carolina. When she informs Mittenhofer where she has already knows but does not take their affair seriously. The discovery of her husband's body has transformed Frau Mack. She has exchanged the 1870 dresses she had worn for forty years to the latest fashions of 1910, started to smoke and drink and spends most of her time playing cards with the mountain guides. More seriously for Mittenhofer, she has announced that she is never going to have another trance again. He has taken this very badly. In this mood of antagonism Elizabeth has been drawn to Toni, who reciprocates it. In actual fact, although at the moment she is feeling hostile towards him, she is more physically attracted by Mittenhofer than by Toni. He is not really in love with her but in love with the idea of being in love. If their affair had remained clandestine it is probable they would both have realized this and when his holiday was over it would have died a natural death. The moment the affair becomes publicly known Elizabeth is compelled to make a choice between Mittenhofer and Toni.

After a long interview with Mittenhofer, in which he first disarms Elizabeth by showing her that he knows very well just how selfish and childish she is, and then, in his account of what it is like to be a poet whose life is subordinate to his work, cunningly appeals to her compassion, Elizabeth decides she cannot leave him and tells Toni so. A scene follows, interrupted by the entrance of Frau Mack, in which her body has never emerged. For years she has lived in a dream believing that one day he would return. (5) An elderly actor whose great ambition in life is to play the lead in Byron's *Manfred*, who has come to the inn to get atmosphere and indeed has come to believe that he is Manfred.

At this point we were utterly stuck. We had in fact no myth. After days of complete frustration we realized the principal character must be the older man, though he could not be an actor. What kind of person, we asked ourselves, could simultaneously and for good reasons be related to a young girl, a doctor and a crazy old widow? Suddenly we got the answer. An ageing and great poet. Here now we had our mythical figure. As I said, now and again a new myth appears, and the European romantics created the myth of the artistic genius. If, as they believed, the supreme human achievement is to make a great work of art, then the artist is the most godlike of human beings and deserves the semi-divine honours paid in earlier times to the epic hero. He is not to be judged by the moral standards we apply to ordinary mortals.

* * *

In an opera it seemed to us it would be possible to portray a poet convincingly because poetry and music are different kinds of artistic language. If at certain moments the poetry of our hero Mittenhofer could be represented by music, and if the music was good enough, the audience would be convinced that the poetry was good, and it would not matter that the music was Henze's. Once we knew who our hero was it was easy to decide on the other characters and even on the kinds of voices their roles would require. Gregor Mittenhofer (baritone), the famous poet now nearing 60, began life as a postman and was discovered by Carolina Grafin von Kirchstetten (the contralto) and was enabled, thanks to her financial [illegible]

Act 3: Toni and Elizabeth have left to climb the Hammerhorn. Dr. Reischmann and Frau Mack are all packed ready to return to Vienna. Upstairs through the open door of his study Mittenhofer is heard trying out rhymes for his poem. Farewells are said and Mittenhofer and Carolina are left alone together, which is what she has always wished for. "I must get back to work", he says, "and try to finish my elegy in time for my sixtieth birthday." Mauer the guide enters to say that a severe storm is brewing in the mountains, and anyone caught in it will be in very grave danger. Once it is just time, however, if they leave at once, for experienced mountaineers to bring such person back to safety. Has anyone from the inn got there? Slowly and deliberately, Mittenhofer says, "No one that I know of". Carolina stifles a cry and Mauer leaves. In the one that follows Carolina starts to go mad. Mittenhofer's murderous lies, though the law cannot punish him, will not go unpunished. He will never be able to get rid of Carolina but the rest of his life must live with somebody who knows what he has done.

The scene changes to the Hammerhorn where in the face of the imminent reality of death, without approaching one another, Toni and Elizabeth realize that their love has been an illusion. This scene, for which incidentally I was responsible, will not do at all, and will some day be completely rewritten. To my fond eye it reads well and might be effective in a spoken verse play, but for opera it is too literary and complicated in argument, far too dependent upon every word being heard to get across when set to music. In the epilogue Mittenhofer appears before the curtain in tails and speaks the following:

"Your serene Highness, Your Excellency the Minister of Culture, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am going to open my reading with the last poem I have written, 'Elegy for Young Lovers'. It is dedicated to the memory of Toni Reischmann and Elizabeth Zimmer, a beautiful and very brave couple who, as some of you know, recently perished on the Hammerhorn; in death they were not divided."

He proceeds to read the poem but what we hear are not words but music from the orchestra and vocalized sounds from behind the curtain sung by all the other characters who in one way or another have helped him to write it.

* * *

The Bassarids. A number of years back Mr. Kallman and I told Henze that we thought the *Bacchae* of Euripides would provide excellent material for a grand opera, since the myth seemed to be exceptionally relevant to our time. Three years ago Henze wrote to us to say he liked the idea and we set to work. The eighteenth century took it for granted that in the contest between unreason and reason, reason was bound to win. So in *Die Zauberflöte*, very conveniently the Queen of the Night has a daughter, Pamina, and Sarastro acquires a princely disciple in Tamino. The two young innocents fall in love and the curtain falls on preparations for a wedding. Even a century later a librettist or composer looking for a suitable operatic subject would probably have rejected the *Bacchae* as too unnatural. Such events, they would have said, may have occurred in a primitive society but social and intellectual progress has made it impossible for anything of the kind ever to occur again. In the nineteenth century myth, one might say, was moribund. Today we know only too well that it is as possible for whole communities to become demonically possessed as it is for individuals to go off their heads. Further, what the psychologists have taught us about repression and guilt [illegible] sometimes fatal results [illegible] Sarastro's noble-sentiments [illegible] Euripides's hero Pentheus, who refuses to have anything to do with the cult of Dionysus, Sarastro's only way of how to deal with the Queen of the Night is to use force, magical or 'in this case, the powers of the underworld. Suppose, we thought, Pamina, instead of being a simple girl, were a princess, Sarastro's ward, and Tamino a prince, and Sarastro, wishing to provide a fitly and happy consort for Pamina, would have enjoyed his [illegible] Tamino's mother, the Queen of the Night, would have suffered at the hands of the implacable Queen as horrid a fate as Pentheus?

Our first problems, therefore, were structural: how, from the spoken drama, to fashion a libretto which would provide a suitable number of male and female soloists with adequate singing roles? In the *Bacchae* the only important solo roles are those of Dionysus and Pentheus, both male. Agave does not appear until the play is almost over. Euripides assigns the most important role of all to a female chorus. At first sight this might seem admirably suited to an opera, though in fact this is not so. We knew that the chorus in a big tragedy both chanted and danced; today vocal choral writing and ballet choreography demand so much technical skill from performers that it is now an axiom that singers cannot dance and dancers cannot sing. Accordingly we found that we had to transfer much that Euripides gives the chorus to say to the soloists. We also changed the chorus of women into a mixed chorus for male and female voices.

The *Bacchae* opens with a speech by Dionysus to the audience in which he tells them that he has already filled Agave and her sisters with madness as a punishment for denying his divinity, and they run off to Mount Kithairon. He goes on to tell his audience what is going to happen to Pentheus. After his speech, Pentheus, who has, it would seem, been King of Thebes for some time, returns from a journey and learns for the first time of the Dionysian cult. In an opera it seemed to us that what Dionysus relates should be presented in dramatic action. When *The Bassarids* begins, therefore, Cadmus has just abdicated in favour of his grandson, the Dionysian cult is already popular in Thebes although Agave has not yet succumbed to it, and Pentheus's first act as king is to ban the cult. To Euripides's cast we added three characters. We gave Agave's sister, Autonoë, who appears in Euripides but does not speak, a solo role. In the legend of Semele, Semele had a servant, Beroë, and in our libretto Agave took her on after Semele's death to act as nurse to the child Pentheus. We introduced a handsome captain of the royal guard, by whom Agave is attracted though she is much too fastidious to have an affair with him. Our ultimate cast was therefore as follows: Cadmus, bass; Tiresias, tenor; Pentheus, baritone; Captain of the Guard, baritone; Dionysus, lyric tenor; Agave, mezzo-soprano; Autonoë, soprano spinto; Beroë, contralto, and a mixed chorus.

* * *

The convention of Greek tragedy did not require Euripides to explain why Pentheus objected so strongly to the Dionysian cult or why Cadmus and Tiresias approved. All he had to do was to show the fatal *hubris* of Pentheus, a mortal, in opposing a God. But for contemporary music-drama it seemed to us that we should make explicit and differentiate between the religious attitudes of the various characters. All of these would, of course, have to be comprehensible to an audience of Euripides's time. Thus Cadmus—now very old—has become a victim of superstitious terrors. He has learnt by bitter experience that Gods are not only powerful but also jealous competitors for man's worship. It is difficult to pay reverence to one without giving offence to another; and giving offence, however unintentionally, always brings misfortune. He is unable to decide for himself whether Dionysus is or is not a God, and the rise of his cult is one more occasion for dread. If Dionysus is divine and he, as king of Thebes, refuses to give the cult official sanction, divine vengeance will fall on the city. On the other hand if Dionysus is only an ordinary mortal, sanctions will outrage the existing Gods. Rather than take a decision, he has abdicated and left the responsibility to Pentheus. In the *Bacchae* Euripides presents Tiresias as a rather silly old man, whose legendary powers of prophecy are not in evidence. We exaggerated the silliness and made him into an old man whose fear of death makes him try to keep up with the young. He is enthusiastic about the way a very sophisticated way. But on the whole these are admirable translations of a remarkable poet, and the editors have added a helpful introduction and some bibliographical and explanatory notes.

A main feature of the two Yevtushenko books is his long poem "The Bratsk Station". This very uneven, large-scale work, partly epic and partly philosophical in its intentions, uses the building of a massive new Siberian hydro-electric station as a focus for thoughts, beliefs, and feelings about human destiny. It is very much, in Pound's phrase, a poem containing history. Stalin, who had been sent to a labour camp as an enemy of the people in the 1930s and was later rehabilitated, reflects that it was he and his like who by their labour helped Stalin to beat Hitler:

> we, the prisoners, given numbers by you,
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This becomes pro-Stalinist by implication, though obviously not by intention; the god, even in his mistakes, brings good out of evil. Although, as one would always expect from Yevtushenko, there are many excellent, many dramatic and moving passages, this too consciously ambitious poem does not satisfy. But it would ill become a critic writing in the present period of English poetry to speak meanly about the vulnerable boldness of such an undertaking.

The selection from Voznesensky (which includes a good sampling of his work from different periods) also has a notable, and in the end not quite satisfactory, long poem, "Oza", written in alternations of verse and prose, and in a fine variety of metres which at one point parodies Poe's "The Raven", explores the feelings of an artist in a world of science. In one delicate and moving section, already famous, the central theme of protecting gentle and intuitional human values against the encroachments of cybernetics is floated into the image of a pair of woman's slippers, empty but still warm from the feet, lying askew and helpless "like doves perched in the path of a tank". Voznesensky can say "I love Dubna" (the atomic research centre), yet remain deeply suspicious of the research his scientific friends are engaged in; the fragmented body of the poem reflects divisions and uncertainties in his own mind. Is one wrong to be disappointed that such a fine sensibility as his should seem to be adding his voice to the anti-science brigade? He refers to Russia as the "land" of Rublev, Blok, and Lenin", which brings together art, poetry, and politics. But Russia is also Lomonosov, Mendeleyev, and Gagarin, and there is nothing to be ashamed of in that.

"Oza" is one of the poems included (in a slightly different version) in *Akhillesovo serdtse*. This rich and puzzling volume also prints two other long poems, or poem-cycles, the early "Master-Craftsmen" and the poem on Lenin, "Longitumeau", in addition to a wide selection of favourites from previous books and some poems written in 1965 and 1966. The "Achilles heart" of the title is found in one of these recent poems, also translated by W. H. Auden in the Oxford paperback) and it is a recurrent theme: if the poet is attacked—if poetry is attacked—the Achilles heel is the heart, secret, suffering, a natural target, yet for all that it would not be fine not to have one. Our effort should be to keep it hard to locate, "as a bird diverts the hunters from its nest". It is curious to think that three poets as utterly unconnected as T. S. Eliot, Whitman, and the Old English author of "The Wanderer" would all find this sympathetic, and true.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW
No. 654 OCTOBER 1967 TEN SHILLINGS

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Book Reviews
JOHN MURRAY

Poetry

SIBERIAN DAM AND ACHILLES HEART

YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO: *Poems*. Translated by Herbert Marshall. 191pp. Pergamon Press. 35s. *The Bratsk Station and other poems*. Translated by Tina Tupikina-Glaessner, Geoffrey Dutton and Igor Mezhakoff-Koriakin. 253pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. 36s.

ANDREI VOZNESENSKY: *Antiworlds*. Edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. 120pp. Oxford University Press. Paperback, 7s. 6d. *Akhillesovo serdtse*. 279pp. Moscow: Khudozhestvennuyn Literatura. Distributed by Collet's. 7s. 6d.

An unsolved problem in translating recent Russian poetry is how to deal with its formal aspects. A striking characteristic of much of this poetry is that, without throwing over rhyming and metrical aids, it can produce the most original and unconventional effects and move without strain through a wide range of tonalities from colloquial to rhetorical. The three translations under review all have different methods. Herbert Marshall's selections from Yevtushenko attempt to reproduce metre and rhyme but flounder on grotesque inversions and a poor ear; the book does, however, very usefully contain the Russian text, which the others do not. The three-armed Hart-Davis version of Yevtushenko passes up both rhyme and metre, but despite the gain in naturalness the result is spiritless and flat. It seems absurdly negative, in a poem like "The Song of the Slaves", where the Russian original rhymes consistently for seventeen lines on the same syllable and pounds along on strongly marked rhythm, to reproduce neither of these effects. The American versions of Voznesensky, however, are another matter. Here the challenge has been much more closely met, though sometimes stopping short of rhyme. Working from literal translations, poets like Wilbur, Stanley Kunitz and William Jay Smith have succeeded in conveying much of the real flavour of the originals and at the same time have produced something which, unlike the other two books, can be read as if it were poetry. The method of translation at second hand has led to occasional curiosities and translationese, but the almost smart sophistication of some versions is [illegible] American than Russian, even though Voznesensky is in his own

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Criminology and Law

ORDER AND OBEDIENCE

B. A. WORTLEY: *Jurisprudence.* 473pp. Manchester University Press. £3 3s.

Jurisprudence is based principally on previously published articles and addresses by the author, who holds the Chair of Jurisprudence and International Law at Manchester University. These materials have been revised, arranged and supplemented so that the book avoids the fragmented character which all too easily belongs to such collections as "select essays". Here is a book and not a collection.

Like most international lawyers, Professor Wortley is an optimist, or if not uniformly such, optimism keeps breaking through. Thus the author's final conclusion is that

> Obedience will usually follow the reasonable rules of a legal order. In the event of a clash between the duty to obey imposed by a national legal order, and one imposed by the international legal order, that legal order which supports basic human rights will be preferred by those who promote such rights.

And indeed the questions why laws are obeyed, or whether certain laws can or should be obeyed, though not peculiarly questions for international lawyers, are questions of particular challenge to them.

The scheme of the book is not primarily an examination of the phenomenon of law in a definitive sense but rather a view of different manifestations of law from various standpoints: law as prediction, as order, as rule, as expectation, as a sense of value, and as justice. Prediction involves an inquiry into the theory of anarchy as it stands opposed to legal order; law as order leads to short reviews of types of legal orders or systems; law as rule analyses the nature of legal rules themselves, as legislative, customary, and so forth; expectation is concerned with the future of various legal orders, problems of co-ordination and conflict; values bring us to human rights as they appear in international and domestic systems; justice is the philosophy of law and the nature of corrective and distributive justice. All this is packed into a little over four hundred and fifty pages, but the author finds room for a wide range of illustrative detail. The scope of the book, though ambitious, includes a nice compound of the abstract and the concrete.

Within so wide a range a review can only select where personal interest is especially engaged. Chapters 10 to 12 on Codified Legal Orders, the Unification of Law, and the Incompleteness of Codes, are full of relevance for current attempts to restate English law. Without going back to Justinian, this comparative treatment contains many lessons for our times, particularly the French experience with and after the Napoleonic Codes and the modern American work on uniform codes. Central to this matter is a proper understanding of the role of the judiciary. Is one seeking (in a visionary way) "slot machine" law or must one contemplate our Law Commission evolving into a kind of legislative chamber? If one desires a law of texts, then one has to face (and the sooner the better) the host of problems connected with textual or statutory interpretation. Codification is not incompatible with a living legal philosophy, but the practical convenience of accessible and patterned texts must be considered against the long-term effects which may ensue.

The cold storage of a verbal formula can have a dangerously *petrifying* effect on legal development, especially in the hands of legal logicians on the judicial bench or elsewhere. If it is asserted that the common law (together with large parts of English statute law) is a mess, then one must avoid foolishly denying its imperfections and ask what are the effective limits of codification. English lawyers have little experience of handling a code, notwithstanding the consolidation by statute of important areas of law, and a proper understanding of a code in action is essential if, in leaving present habits, we are not to fall into worse ones. The principal needs appear to be a thoroughly scientific approach to the making of code law and a readiness by the judges and the profession to take a more liberal approach to the texts. The present emphasis on strict and sometimes formalistic interpretation is, of course, connected with a "democratic" notion of lawmaking, that is, Parliament creates, the courts apply the law. Common law in the past has been customary and generally static and later has been case law and at times creative; for the future there may be need for a greater measure of creative spirit in the field of enacted law.

In recent times the study of jurisprudence has frequently concentrated on the concept of law, but lawyers, if they are not mere hacks, cannot avoid reaching some conclusions about justice, and, for example, facing the problem of the "unjust" law. A substantial portion of the latter part of this book contains Professor Wortley's thoughts on the nature of justice and equity. Problems of practical justice are, moreover, closely connected with process and procedure, the methods of arriving at solutions, as much as with the propositions of substantive law. The difficulty is often not so much the identification and availability of a rational and just rule as the [illegible] and agreeing on the justice of an act of the legal order. Professor Wortley belongs to that school which one may label "idealist", but throughout this book he is alive to the necessity of judging the law not by its formulas but by its fruits.

BACK AT THE YARD

NORMAN LUCAS: *The C.I.D.* 207pp. Arthur Barker. 30s.

A good history of the C.I.D., fuller than Sir Ronald Howe's *The Story of Scotland Yard*, but on a similar plan, would be a very acceptable contribution to police literature. Mr. Lucas's book falls far short of any such ideal. It begins with a scrappy account of pre-Peel policing, makes a promising start on C.I.D. history and then lapses for the greater part of the work into accounts of cases to illustrate the different aspects of criminal police duty. The general reader may find pleasure in Mr. Lucas's capacity for associating matters of record with his own views and experience but the student will not find much value in the book. The carelessness of the writing, with its occasional faults of syntax and its surely unpardonable misspellings of names, are surprising from a writer of professional status whose prime business is with fact.

In his final chapter Mr. Lucas surveys the crime situation and while recognizing the new impetus which is being admirably directed by Mr. P. E. Brodie-Avisham, Commissioner of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard, indicts the parsimony and narrow vision of those responsible for the higher conduct of police affairs. He speaks up for the individual police officer and claims that "the police force really is a profession". Most people will feel that this is too much of a generalization: police work is a profession for many officers but still has a majority of artisans; professionalization lies in the future.

WOMAN AT WANDSWORTH

SALLIE TROTTER: *No Easy Road.* 279pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 2s.

If one were to judge by the volume of recent literature on prisons and prisoners, not to speak of more academic studies in penological method and research, reform ought to be well on the way. Mrs. Trotter at least has the qualification of having worked in an English prison, having been appointed the first woman welfare worker to serve in Wandsworth. She is herself a professional social worker, has been Governor of a women's prison in Canada and is, besides a state registered nurse. So she has a varied experience, as well as a good deal of Scottish self-reliance, enabling her to speak with authority and a measure of professional knowledge.

But her book can hardly be said to add anything very new to what has already been said. Its principal value is the testimony of experience, for there were evident problems in being a woman at work in an all-male prison. There were problems, too, of acceptance at the professional level, and Mrs. Trotter has some useful things to say about the specific role of the social worker. Confusion can arise from regarding it as "welfare", though it was under that rubric that she was originally appointed. She was readily accepted by the prisoners and, if not by all the prison officers at first, she soon established the proper autonomy her work conferred. She is very much on the defensive, recording slights and suspicions, and that in the circumstances is intelligible enough. But she was given ample testimony in her two years at Wandsworth of the respect she won through the combination of human understanding and professional skill.

The second and third parts of the book deal with larger questions—employment in prison, the value of research, the respective merits of voluntary and professional after-care, problems of rehabilitation—and, useful in a general way though much of this material may be to the reader who is new to the subject, it perhaps dilutes the value of the closer written and personally experienced evidence of the workaday Wandsworth.

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INSIDE AND OUT

HARLEY CRONIN: *The Screw Turns.* 192pp. John Long. 30s.

PATRICK O'HARA: *I Got No Brother.* 253pp. Neville Spearman. 25s.

Neither Mr. Cronin nor Mr. O'Hara is likely to feel flattered when their names, to say nothing of their books, are linked together. But when crime, and, more particularly, the punishment of criminals, is in question it is useful to compare the evidence of those who have to administer and staff prisons with that—so freely provided nowadays—of those who have served sentences in them. Both authors are unusually well qualified, even though they write from such divergent angles, for Mr. Cronin was for many years the general secretary of the Prison Officers' Association, while Mr. O'Hara was a deserter from the navy who was sent to borstal and has first-hand knowledge of several prisons besides.

The comparison is valuable, for it reveals so totally different an account of what are presumably the same basic facts and the lessons to be drawn from them that the uncommitted reader may be left wondering where the truth really lies. Of course, the comparison is ultimately unfair, for Mr. Cronin writes of a distinguished career as a prison officer which led him to take a principal part in founding a union for prison officers (previously without any [illegible] of promoting their claims for adequate pay and professional status) while Mr. O'Hara's autobiography is confessedly the record of a rebellion and alienation from society that would need some of his own epithets to do it justice. Where one reads like an annual report, though admittedly a lively one, the other is a tape-recording of uninhibited talk with almost psychedelic overtones.

Mr. Cronin began work as a prison officer in 1927 in the days when officers earned £3 a week and were regarded—indeed regarded themselves for the most part—as simply warders. The change in the prison officer's role and the improvement in his conditions of work owe much to Mr. Cronin's aggressive advocacy, helped by the experience of W. J. Brown, who had done so much to organize civil servants and to build up a powerful union to promote their cause. He has much to say not only of his battles with Whitehall but also of his own experience as an officer in such prisons as Wormwood Scrubs, Parkhurst and Holloway (where during the last war he saw much of the 18B detainees). He claims to have a genuine concern for the work of rehabilitation (in which officers are playing an increasing part), but he complains of a permissiveness (as he sees it) which has elevated the psychiatrist to a principal place in determining what should be done with prisoners. He notes the depressing recent records of borstal, the undoubted increase in crimes of violence, and the deterioration in social and moral attitudes which they reflect. He advocates the restoration of a measure of corporal punishment and a still regime for the incorrigible. On the other hand he favours shorter sentences and early parole for first offenders who show signs of amendment. He is under no illusions about the gravity of the problem of the young and the anti-social. He can speak of "the shameless and incorrigible recidivery and beastliness of the average jailbird", and his emotional reactions against "softness" are expressed with much force. Psychiatrists, homosexuals, liberal reformers and even Germans—come under the lash. He is a man of his opinions, some might call him opinionated, but he at least writes from experience, and his defence of prison officers—so often abused and unable effectively to answer the charges made against them, usually by prisoners whose word is not necessarily to be trusted—is forthright and deserves attention.

For Mr. O'Hara all officers are crooked, and that goes for the police and indeed any form of authority as well. Mr. Cronin might cite his book as a perfect example of the viciousness and rejection of responsibility that characterize so many young criminals today. Certainly Mr. O'Hara is to be believed if he issues menacing warnings to reviewers who venture to question what he says—prisons, and especially borstals, are sinks of iniquity ruled by a monotonous pattern of sadism, corruption and sheer ineptitude. Those in charge are either pompous or cruel usually both—and passive who moralize are the biggest villains of all. But it may be that Mr. O'Hara does not really expect his book to be judged as a document in the case. He has almost written a lively novel, and *I Got No Brother* is more like the script of a fast-moving film than a considered account of what it means to be a prisoner. It is often very funny, and fellow victims are accurately observed. Garrulous, deliberately keyed to the mindless, never-ending talk of the borstal recreation-room it has some substantial merit (if not is the word) as a piece of documentation. Rarely can the Niagara-flow of obscenity and blasphemy—repetitive indeed as any waterfall—have been so accurately recorded. If set out to prove nothing, but its sum might provide Mr. Cronin with something to ponder. The appeal to "brotherhood", to shared responsibility, means nothing to one who can say "I got no brother"—and who evidently is serious in what he says

ON APPROVAL

STEVEN SLATER: *Approved School Boy.* 205pp. William Kimber. 25s.

Both the title and the intentions of Steven Slater's autobiography recall Brendan Behan's *Borstal Boy*; but there any true resemblance ends. We must accept the author's assurance that he has written an accurate account of events in which he was personally involved, though the style and vocabulary seem to belong rather to one of Mr. Slater's friends called Rob who "writes short stories and provocative, incisive articles". The events themselves are probable enough: the familiar story of the boy at odds with his father who runs away from home and, in Mr. Slater's case, inadvertently gets on the wrong side of the law. He is committed to an approved school with its dreary syllabus of incompetence, sadism and sheer futility. He escapes, with a more sophisticated friend called John, after a series of misadventures in Cornwall and London—hitching lifts from lorry-drivers, wandering the streets in search of lodging, food and a job—finally settles down as a barman in Slough. Three months of steady work give him the confidence to throw himself over to the police, and thanks to a sensible magistrate he is put on probation instead of being sent to Borstal. It is implied that he is now on the road to a settled and responsible future.

In Behan's book a creative imagination gave human meaning to a record that might otherwise have been a dull and sordid documentary; even his villains have edge, and kindness keeps its head above water. Mr. Slater's book has neither the freedom of fiction nor the authority of straight reporting. It weights his evidence with the benefit of convincing thoughts and conversation of characters other than himself: moral determinism, crude and unconvincing. There may be [illegible] schools as ghastly as his Cranbourne some recent inquiries have suggested as much. But the repetitive obsession of participant, for which Steven Slater claims to be [illegible] soon [illegible] of concern—and the horror would be the more convincing by the [illegible] Approved schools cannot and must not be spared criticism, and there is room about their assumptions, their aims, their management, that calls for [illegible] But so unrelieved a catalogue of cruelty may tell us more about the writer than the institutions

History

WORLD PATTERNS

WILLIAM H. MCNEILL: *A World History.* 478pp. 48 plates and maps. Oxford University Press. £2 10s. (Paperback, 35s.)

Writing a history of the world in one relatively short volume is a highly ambitious undertaking, yet for the many courses in American universities (courses which might also find a useful place in British technological establishments) it is a necessary one. H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*, a pioneer undertaking, is now out of date, while Dr. Toynbee's celebrated *Study of History* is in many volumes and is highly idiosyncratic. Professor John Bowle tried his hand at it in 1962 and wrote a good book, but, rather oddly, cut it into two parts at the eighteenth century. Now, more boldly, Professor McNeill of the University of Chicago offers us another attempt, complete in one volume.

Sir Charles Firth once remarked that the ability to write was considered by some historians to be an unfair advantage to possess over others. Yet an elegant prose style is needed to make tolerable wide sweeps at world history. The second need is to have some theme or pattern in one's arrangement. Wells believed in progress, Dr. Toynbee in a detectable pattern under the hand of God. Professor McNeill takes as his premise "that in any given [illegible] balance among cultures is liable to be disturbed by forces emanating from one or more centres where men have created unusually attractive or powerful civilizations".

But a careful reading of his book gives one rather the impression that specific inventions were often determining forces in the evolution of history: for example, the invention of the chariot about 2500 B.C., the invention of alphabetic writing about the year 1500 B.C., the use of cavalry, of standing armies, the Jewish belief in monotheism, the Greek city state, the Roman phalanx, the medieval stirrup and so on. Among these inventions, culminating one supposes, in the television set or the atomic warhead, the most significant were, alas, military ones. It is military inventions that give countries or empires the power to impose their wills upon others. For example, the better sailing ships possessed by the Americans and the British as late as the nineteenth century led to the introduction of European influences into Japan, while though she was unable to retort upon her infiltrators even after the shock of Pearl Harbour; nevertheless, by rapid industrialization, Japan has gained and held a high place among the progressive nations ever since. Indeed it is symptomatic of this kind of advance that Japan has one of the most complete colour television services in the world.

Professor McNeill has organized his material with great skill: he divides his book into three main parts, beginning with the rise of civilization in Sumer (though he speaks of Africa as the probable cradle of mankind); then in an expanded version of what used commonly to be called the Middle Ages, which he stretches from 500 B.C. to A.D. 1500 he traces the flowering and spread of Greek and Indian civilizations and, thirdly, the rise of Islam, while in his last part, which he dates from 1500, he outlines the dominance of the west that is now beginning to pass away.

Professor McNeill's excellent arrangement of his book gives it a genuine unity. It contains numerous plates and maps, the latter in colour, and a useful bibliography and index. No historian who battles bravely with this vast subject can be entirely free from minor errors. For example, it may be argued that he exaggerates the importance of the clerical origins of parliaments, that there is no certain evidence that Louis XIV said "L'état c'est moi" or that King James II of England accepted a French subsidy to do without parliament. But these are minor blemishes.

HISTORICAL METHODS

G. KITSON CLARK: *The Critical Historian.* 214pp. Heinemann. 30s.

Dr. Kitson Clark has written a thought-provoking, valuable and in some respects infuriating book. For some years he has been preoccupied by a simple, necessary and neglected theme: the harm history can do if it is not critically appraised by the "consumer". He is not concerned with the subtleties of epistemology, though he sometimes tangles with them. He takes for granted that some kind of history is an indispensable human need. His object is to warn us against the many traps, sophistications, negligences and downright dishonesties of which the reader of history should be aware in satisfying his curiosity about the past.

His method is to analyse a number of sources of error, illustrating them with examples drawn from a considerable range of historical study. Among the hazards discussed are unconscious bias, ill-founded generic statements, tainted sources, misunderstood or neglected context, dodges and dead ends in quantitative analysis and the deliberate manufacture of mysteries. For anyone who is disposed to take historians on trust this book will provide a valuable antidote; and even among those who are disposed to be more critical it will provoke thought about the role and purpose of historical study.

At some stages Dr. Clark comes near denying the possibility of writing history at all, so many are the perils, so faulty is our knowledge, so inescapable our bias. But since this is obviously not the case, and history goes on getting written, he retires from these more exposed positions into the more subtle one of maintaining that such dangerous practices as generic statement (which can never be wholly true), or intuitive interpretation (which must be taken on trust) are all right provided author and reader know what is being done. Historical causation presents a similar problem. From some passages here one might assume the search for it is little better than a wild-goose chase; from others that if only one knows enough, and goes back far enough, causes can confidently be ascribed. Again, Dr. Clark looks with doubt on the idea of a "bar of history" before which the guilty can be arraigned; yet in the very act of urging the historian not to take sides, but to describe and explain dispassionately, he maintains that the historian must not gloss over ugly things, and must stigmatize evil deeds.

The book betrays the vices as well as the virtues of the academic mind. It opens eyes, and puts intellectual weapons into the hands of the defenceless. But it is a little prim, and its manner arouses an irresistible urge to use Dr. Clark's methods on some of his own text. For instance, he refers boldly at one point to Simon de Montfort as "that . . . essentially mediaeval character", while elsewhere we are told that "the phrase 'Middle Ages' is meaningless—it is used now simply as a convenient label for part of the period it used to cover". Again on another page Dr. Clark seems to make a virtue of broadmindedness in commenting on the courage of the "English, the Scots—and the Irish" at the Battle of Waterloo, yet overlooks the interesting (and to his argument relevant) fact that something like half Wellington's army on that occasion was composed of Dutch, German and Flemish troops.

At a rather deeper level is Dr. Clark's comparison between history and two other disciplines, those of law and science. The law on which he draws so frequently—for instance, in relation to the sifting of evidence—tends to be English law, which is concerned with establishing particular propositions, and not with motives and explanations. "Who", asked a famous English judge, "can search the heart of a man?" Yet even the most academic historians do this. The analogy between history and the descriptive sciences treads still riskier ground. Dr. Clark writes that "the historian's first duty is careful and expert observation". But he admits only a few pages later that the historian "can only see the past as it has been presented to him by other people". This is not strictly true, since an historian such as Burnet, Winston Churchill or Xenophon can describe events in which he actually took part; but it sufficiently describes the dilemma of the academic historian, and brings home the truth that observation in the scientific sense is not possible for historians writing about the past.

Perhaps, therefore, the missing ingredient in this stimulating book is any admission that history is a branch of literature. As Dr. Clark wisely says, "It is in the last resort its relation to truth that gives history its value". If history did not purport to describe what actually happened it would not be history at all. But some creative act is also indispensable—more than intuition, more even than imagination, certainly more than interpretation.

More serious still, from the truth-finding point of view, is the fact that history is itself part of history, that the tricks and distortions Dr. Clark so well describes are themselves part of the truth about the past, just like the frauds and stratagems of war and politics. The False Decretals, the Donation of Constantine, the Protocols of the Elders of Zion were forgeries indeed, but they had as much effect as if they had been so many authentic blue books. Dr. Clark does well to teach us the tricks of fraud, and the need to read the fine print. But he does not succeed in exorcizing the literary ghost in history.

CONTACT HISTORIAN

JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT: *A Wreath to Clio.* 225 pp. Macmillan. 25s.

In this volume Sir John Wheeler-Bennett has collected together previously published essays and hitherto unpublished material in the three fields specified in his sub-title: "Studies in British, American and German Affairs". Of the total twelve items, seven have been published previously. These include the well-known articles on "Ludendorff and Groener" and "Three Episodes in the Life of the Kaiser" and two appendices from the equally well-known *King George VI* on the Sovereign's Private Secretary and the British Constitutional provisions for the appointment of a Regency. These two pieces have been brought up to date facilitating to cover developments since the biography appeared. The remaining three reprints, which make up the whole of the American subdivision, are studies of the Confederacy during the Civil War.

The unpublished essays, as well as being smaller in number, contain nothing as significant as the more important of the reprinted pieces. Three, on the Page-Bachaut Lectures and Sir John delivered in the University of Virginia in 1966, survey the changing position of the Crown in Great Britain and of Great Britain in relation to the Empire and Commonwealth. They are highly compressed as the occasion required, and conceived in general terms, as was no doubt appropriate, for their American audience, but as an introduction for English readers they are [illegible] be valuable, and they [illegible] commentary by an Englishman who is strongly tolerably [illegible] of a speech which Sir John delivered in Virginia in 1940, at the time of the fall of France, when he was acting as personal assistant to the British Ambassador, Lothian. The [illegible] is a somewhat outline account [illegible] Anglo-German relations between [illegible] and 1939, a subject on which, as Sir John says, much new material has been added since he wrote.

Of merely passing interest for their substance, these new essays reinforce what his publications tell us about Sir John as an historian. The dust-jacket speaks of his inimitable style. The style is in fact workmanlike but ordinary, with a tendency to lapse into the stilted phrase: "that wily sovereign Napoleon III", "the gathering storm-clouds", "to rend her in twain". It speaks, again, on the strength of the wide range of the essays, of his "undoubted historical genius". In fact, the historical imagination is not his strong suit. The interest in biography is not in itself proof of this. What is significant is that while this interest springs, we are told, from an interest in the effect of human personality upon history, the work that has resulted from it is at its weakest when it leaves the strictly biographical path for wider themes. And it is at its best when Sir John can combine personal acquaintance with the role of the biographer—so that the life of George V but even the portrait of the Kaiser easily surpasses in quality the new pieces on the history of the Confederacy. Much the same is true of his non-biographical work: it comes to life only when it is dealing, as most of it has done, with his own times.

Sir John confesses in this book to a life-long interest in the history of the Confederacy and says he may still undertake to write on that subject. If he does, he may yet confound this verdict: So far, however, he has excelled at exploiting personal experience and personal contacts in the compilation of common-sense accounts of current affairs and contemporary figures; and we can be grateful that one who has been so privileged in his contacts has had the industry and ability to make good use of them in this way.

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Religion

GOD'S STAND-IN

DOROTHEE SÖLLE: *Christ the Representative.* Translated by David Lewis. 154pp. SCM Press. 25s.

In the last analysis theologians who believe in the "death of God" are either recommending a secular humanism which sees a peculiar significance in Jesus Christ (van Buren being the first example of this to make much impact among us here), or merely rejecting an anthropomorphism in theology which they suppose to have been universal until the other day (this seems to have emerged as the Bishop of Woolwich's fundamental position in the matter). Dr. Sölle's position in this book is at first elusive, but by the end it appears that she must be placed in the first of these categories. Unlike van Buren, however, she has no wish to do away with the idea of "God" and uses the word with the greatest frequency. What she means by it can only be suggested by some quotations. "Christ makes himself dependent on us—if we say 'dependent on God', this simply means that Christ is radically surrendered to men." "What does it mean to act in God's stead and to represent him? It means so to assume responsibility for the irreplaceable identity of others that it remains possible for them to attain identity." "Christ identified himself with God and thereby made himself dependent on God's obtaining identity himself. . . . In a world whose characteristic is the interchangeability of all men, God's identity is still in the future."

Dr. Sölle's philosopher is Hegel (she quotes with apparent approval the view that God is "self-differentiation and its removal by reconciliation"). Thus it comes as no surprise when we are told: "For long enough God was known as absolute immediacy, more certain than one's own self", but that nowadays "Christ takes God's place, stands in for the God who no longer presents himself to us directly", and that we must not hand over "to the self-assured smugness of people who simply *know* that there is no God and that Christ is dead; or, worse still, to those who are equally sure that God exists and that Christ is therefore alive". We must have "certainty in uncertainty".

And thus this book makes clear that line of division among Christians which has appeared only in our own time, cutting across all previous divisions. "Any direct surrender to God, such as the saints of the great religions exemplify, is no longer possible for us in this post-theistic age". "The new and progressive reality of the represented God, who is himself absent, shows that retreat to a God, experienced as present, is simply a private affair with no claim to authority". There is a sort of iron curtain here. It is perhaps reasonable that Dr. Sölle should refer, among the moderns, only to German writers, but it would seem that, for her, people like von Balthasar, Pieper and Rahner simply do not count. If there is not to be bitterness on both sides, "traditionalist" thinkers have to bear in mind those traumatic experiences, national as well as personal, in which our century has been so prolific.

But just as there is much to admire in Hegel, even if we reject the "system", so there is in Dr. Sölle's book. The distinction between "representation" and "substitution" and the notion of "irreplaceability" are well worked out. There is useful criticism not only of the Anselmian theory of the Redemption but also of Barth and Bonhoeffer. The qualified defence of Luther's "imputation" theory is particularly valuable. And the *theologia crucis* with which the book ends, that we must look for nothing in this world except "the way of alienation into existence for others", must command our deepest respect even if we regard it as lamentably insufficient. The translator has done a good job, but he should not have left the title of Calderón's play as *Das Grosse Welttheatre*.

Music

DEATH AID

ALEC ROBERTSON: *Requiem.* Music of Mourning and Consolation. 300pp. Cassell. £3 3s.

"I suppose all this can be written off as sentimental and wishful thinking. So be it." It is this willingness to be candid and at the same time critical in approaching the ultimate mystery that has enabled Mr. Robertson to survey the music about death in a book the like of which has not been attempted before. As he told us in his autobiography, he lost his vocation as a Roman Catholic priest but not his faith nor his intellectual honesty. What he has retained from his training is a knowledge of the Roman Liturgy, which for a thousand years has inspired the art of music, and it is this knowledge that he applies to plainsong, to the early polyphonic settings of the Mass for the Dead, and on through Mozart ultimately to the big non-liturgical Requiems of Berlioz, Verdi and Fauré, with which he brings the account up to the present century.

Not all his readers will fully appreciate the relevance of the finer points of liturgical practice in the music for Holy Week, which is discussed in the second section of the book before it proceeds to Protestant forms, to memorial music in general and to oratorios. But since the need for some rite in which to formulate our feelings about mortality is universal and what is behind it confers on him both the authority and the sympathy to expound the music that, over the centuries, has ministered to that need.

The theme is universal, Mr. Robertson's approach is personal, and he has no hesitations about speaking out of his own wide musical experience, for example as a reviewer of records and scores, not about exercising his critical judgment, as for instance when he dismisses Gounod's two settings of "Stabat Mater" with brusque contempt. But except for too free a use of that dangerous epithet "lovely" he has found on the whole an acceptable level of discourse for handling so emotional a topic.

His analyses involve him, as they do all writers on music, in a good deal of catalogue descriptions which, however, are printed with a great number of musical illustrations as well as historical and biographical comment. The warmth of his appreciation of Elgar's *Gerontius* and Britten's *A War Requiem*, which round off his book, will find an echo in many hearts. The fact that he can take a look at the forgotten *World Requiem* of J. C. Foulds as well as speak up for Delius's pagan Requiem (which has only recently been taken out for re-examination by Mr. Charles Groves and his Liverpool choir and orchestra, forty years after it sank at its only performance in 1922 leaving only a trace as a hymn to negation) is a testimony to the catholicity of his view.

Requiem is perhaps not a book to be read straight through, except to note its contents, but to be studied piecemeal, marked and pondered when occasion offers, for as Mr. Robertson says in his foreword it is now possible by means of records and the B.B.C.'s Music Programme to extend our knowledge beyond what church services, seasonal observances and the concert repertory have to offer.

SING HIGH, SING LOW

ARTHUR HUTCHINGS: *Church Music in the Nineteenth Century.* 166pp. Herbert Jenkins. 25s.

If the church musician should be surprised to find the name of Professor Hutchings, author of a book about the baroque concerto, on a book about church music in the nineteenth century, the wrong century and the wrong specialism as he might suppose, he should reflect that this most learned of musicologists is the editor of the revised *English Hymnal*, and, on his own confession, an organist. The subject needed a person of independent mind and cheerful unorthodoxy—the orthodoxy of the present century demands a rejection of the ideals of the nineteenth, but Professor Hutchings can find a good page or two for John Bacchus Dykes—because it is bedevilled not only by denominational differences but also by High Church and Low Church, Calvinistic, Catholic, and Methodist disagreements about what is fitting, and by British and Continental dissimilar traditions. Professor Hutchings cuts the tangle of these Gordian knots by disclaiming any attempt to be comprehensive and by avoiding labels of good and bad taste which he shows to be largely a matter of period. He is, however, quite capable of pungent judgments, as, for instance, of "Crimond" "not a bad tune though allied to the poorest surviving version of the 23rd Psalm" but not deserving "its place at the top of the pops".

His method is to clear the aesthetic ground with an essay entitled "Optimism and Gusto", and then to examine the contributions of the great composers to sacred, not necessarily liturgical, music; next to look at the liturgical music of Lutheran, French, German and Italian Catholics. As the book is written from an English point of view, the Anglican Cathedral tradition is entitled to receive more extended treatment and the Free Churches have a chapter to themselves. Finally, since one practical achievement of the nineteenth century was the democratization of society and its opinions, congregational music, especially hymnody, is discussed at length with humour, but respectful good sense and profound affection. If, at a first reading, the book seems cranky or even cock-eyed, further examination reveals that its opinions are founded on extensive sociological knowledge of the communities that use the music and a tolerant understanding of them.

JESUS IN JEANS

ERNEST MARVIN: *Odds Against.* 124pp. SCM Press. 9s. 6d.

Ernest Marvin's Youth Club on the Lockleaze housing estate in Bristol came to public notice in 1960 with its play *A Man Dies*, which filled the Colston Hall for a week, filled the Albert Hall and was televised. Its sketching beauty greatly moved many people. Others reacted in anger, particularly at the sight of Jesus in jeans (though what else should He wear if the Passion was to be in modern dress?) and by the almost continually dancing youngsters (though could there be a more accurate representation of the world's attitude to what was happening?). In this book Mr. Marvin prints some of the shocking letters he received. It seems that religious people can be horribly vicious when they take up a pen. In addition the entertainment industry greeted work, but the singing girl ("Gentle Jesus, Lord and good") they nailed him to a cross of wood") resolutely refused all offers of a contract.

But if the play brought fame it did not solve Mr. Marvin's problem. He was surrounded by a huge new housing estate where entirely rootless people lived in vast blocks of flats. Most of them had lost all contact with Christianity—if they had ever had any—and the young people were entirely at a loose end. A club for them seemed at least part of the answer, often it was filled to overflow, and spasmodically its members filled his church. They came, some stayed and others left, while the Council's English-speaking press officer, in daily touch with journalists from all over the world, and it is evident that his friendly candour did a great deal to offset the impression of worldly-wise suspicion and aloofness that marked the official treatment of the press at the beginning of the council's work. His modest book is an informative account of how press relations were handled from day to day.

MASS MEDIA?

EDWARD L. HESTON: *The Press and Vatican II.* 134pp. University of Notre Dame Press. (American University Publishers Group.) 37s.

In its first session the Second Vatican Council seemed wholly oblivious of its public image and facilities for the press were shamefully inadequate. An unworkable rule of secrecy only encouraged unauthorized rumours and inaccurate gossip. The last three sessions saw a great improvement, with proper press releases, panel discussions on the main issues and, in general, a much more open and professional approach to the mass media.

Father Heston, an American priest resident in Rome, was closely concerned with the change. He was the Council's English-speaking press officer, in daily touch with journalists from all over the world, and it is evident that his friendly candour did a great deal to offset the impression of worldly-wise suspicion and aloofness that marked the official treatment of the press at the beginning of the council's work. His modest book is an informative account of how press relations were handled from day to day.

NEUMES FROM THE EAST

WALTER KAUFMANN: *Musical Notations of the Orient.* 498pp. Indiana University Press. (American University Publishers Group.) £5 7s.

Dr. Kaufmann's aim is "to collect and preserve . . . indigenous Oriental notational systems". In fulfilling this aim, he has also provided a key that will enable those ignorant of Oriental languages to transcribe for themselves music written in the various notations of China, Korea and India. A second volume, covering notations of Japan, the Ryukyu Islands, Indonesia and the Islamic world, is planned. Much of the information presented appears in English for the first time, and some of it has not hitherto been available in any European language. In particular, the sections on Korean notations, neumes of Tibetan liturgical chant, and Indian drum-language, summarize the results of original studies. The general bibliography is good and the specialist bibliographies in the notes are invaluable. Unfortunately, difficulties of communication have prevented Dr. Kaufmann from seeing most of the postwar Chinese musicological publications. This has necessitated reliance on scores transmitted by Europeans. It is particularly regrettable that Y. L. Yang's study of Chinese popular notations (1962) was not available to Dr. Kaufmann.

The author's preface shows him alive to probable areas of criticism—"errors, imbalance, and unusually lengthy explanations and notes". Of these, in a work by one man covering so vast a field, the errors are excusable, and the explanations can be justified since the volumes are mostly a guide to transcription but in many respects an epitome of the history of Oriental notations. There is, however, a tendency to attribute too much significance to too hasty generalizations about "Oriental music". Such statements as the following are true of Indian music, but quite untrue of the zither-repertory of China and Japan, for example: "Except for some ritual and ceremonial pieces, music of the Oriental cultural areas makes extensive use of improvization. No performer will play or sing a piece for the second time exactly as he did the first". A Chinese zither-player no more varies his performance of works recorded in detailed tablature than a concert pianist varies his performance of a Beethoven sonata; and his realization of the tablature, guided by tradition, includes no element of improvisation.

Dr. Kaufmann also tends to echo earlier views which, though they may include a grain of truth, are not the whole truth. For example, the static character of Oriental music—extending even to shapes of instruments—is stressed. For China—to take but one example—both musical documents and iconographical evidence refute the static view. Again, reference to melodic patterns and scales having "extra-musical properties" (as if this were peculiar to the Oriental mind") hark back to eighteenth and nineteenth-century reactions to Oriental musical concepts. It is worth recalling that Martin Luther was advised by the "extra-musical properties" of the Church tones in the choice of modes for setting his German Mass. In relation to the origin of the seven-stringed zither, we are told of the legendary Fu-hsi, with a possible date in the third millennium B.C., but the student will not learn that bamboo tube and half-tube zithers (of which *the ch'in is a descendant*) originated in East Asia.

It is surely not in the best interests of students of this generation to furnish them with translations of passages from *the Shih Ching*, by James Legge (1871), which and Bernhard Karlgren (1950) are available, and it is unwise to give them "rough" translations of key-passages of elevated interest from the Chinese classics. Such texts deserve meticulously accurate translation.

These are marginal defects in a work for which present and future generations of musicologists will be grateful, and Dr. Kaufmann is to be congratulated on his courage and on achieving his aim. Among the many excellencies of graphic presentation in this volume, the calligraphy of the specimen notations and of the quotations from Chinese texts merits special mention.

Some of the best of the late Jack Vlan's writings on jazz have now appeared in book form (*Chroniques de jazz* (Paris: La Jeune Parque, 23.85fr.). The selection and arrangement has been done by Jacques Demêtre, who has included contributions to the magazine *Jazz Hot* between 1947 and 1958, as well as those he wrote about jazz in Combat immediately after the war. There is a certain lively section dealing with the quarrel with the reactionary Hugues Panassié, vivanized as Olivier Prassler.

COMMENTARY

It is difficult to believe that the Government would have been able to persuade the British Museum Trustees and their planners quite so high-handedly if the public had been encouraged to take more interest in the matter before it was launched. But there had been amazingly little preliminary discussion even of the main issue — the Museum's development into an adequate national library—or of the architectural plans put forward to implement it. Last week it was all suddenly being treated as very important, and how many people thought it mattered before the news actually broke?

An affront to British culture, one feels. Alas, that is not an offence which is likely to make British blood boil. So it seems a pity that the public should not be brought to see that what is at stake is our thinking equipment; that brains are not simply portentous affairs that get drained; that they do need a well-organized library apparatus if they are to function effectively. All this is going to be seen clearly enough abroad, where Mr. Wilson's apparent willingness to rate British affairs above the development of his country's intellectual resources will hardly inspire much belief in his technological boasting.

Already foreign visitors must feel that the BM is one of the least up-to-date museums in Europe, judging from the arrangement of many of the galleries. Certainly the trustees are not beyond criticism. But Mr. Gordon Walker's statement last week made it clear that the main trouble was not so much in any weaknesses in the concept of the new library as in the objections raised by the local residents. These objections have little bearing on the question of the library's organization; they are largely architectural and could theoretically be met by a different solution on the same site. That would give a chance to remedy the decision by which Sidgwick's reading room would lose its admission to a new tiered affair across Great Russell Street: the one really vandalistic feature of the new plan, and one which has so far not been mentioned.

Planners can be fearfully high-handed, and if the borough concerned had chosen to argue it that way they would have had a point. The shops and the Museum Tavern are not entirely unimportant; indeed for many years they have been part of the museum's ambience, meaning a good deal to all of us who use it. The reading room means a great deal more. Here is a visible symbol of our intellectual history, indeed of all Europe's, and the trustees need to have a very good case indeed if they are to turn it over to other uses. But what the trustees wish to do with the Bloomsbury site the borough authorities themselves are trying to do in the Gospel Oak area farther north, where they plan to move out small tradespeople too, and to demolish Victorian houses of a good deal more merit than most of the architecture opposite the museum, in order to replace them by tall blocks of flats. This in the name of housing. Is learning less important? And is Bloomsbury really "this traditionally domestic area", as its Member of Parliament alleges? If so, what do we do next? Throw the university out?

* * *

Last week in our "Information, Please" column, Professor Ivan Morris, of the Department of East Asian Languages and Culture, Columbia University in the City of New York, asked for any letters, poems, articles or short translations by the late Dr. Arthur Waley. This week we publish a letter to the editor (page 1036) from Dr. Waley's widow, Mrs. Alison Waley, which reveals what appears to be a major loss for scholarship.

Dr. Waley lived for many years at 50 Gordon Square with Beryl de Zoete, and at that address there was a box-room where were stacked trunks, suitcases and boxes containing the accumulated papers, diaries, journals, notes, manuscripts, &c., of a lifetime of scholarship. In 1962 Beryl de Zoete died and Waley took a flat in Great James Street, conveniently near the British Museum and the School of Oriental Studies, while work was finished on a house he had bought in Highgate. At 22 Great James Street he also rented a small storeroom in the basement for the safety of his papers, letters, &c., and this was kept padlocked and chained.

In 1963 a group of builders' men, apparently instructed to clear rubbish from the ground floor and basement in preparation for the arrival of a new office tenant, entered the building through a window and broke in to Dr. Waley's basement room. Another tenant in the building interrupted this activity and called a policeman. The policeman told the builders' men that nothing further was to be removed until the tenants had had a chance to go through their belongings. As the basement room could no longer be locked, Dr. Waley's papers were put in the ground floor offices, and these were then locked. However, before Dr. Waley had gone through his belongings—and in spite of the policeman's instructions—the men returned and removed the rest of the material.

When Dr. Waley heard about this he was told by the police that the articles in question had probably gone to a rubbish dump. He did in fact—an old man in poor health—clamber over a dockside rubbish dump in search of his papers, but found nothing.

The loss of this mass of material—letters, manuscripts, private diaries, notes, photographs, &c. (and Mrs. Waley thinks it likely that further material was removed on other occasions)—was a cause of great personal distress to Dr. Waley throughout his last years: he even asked his wife never to refer to it again in his lifetime. It was also an inestimable loss to scholars in many fields, for it must have contained much of interest not only to Sinologues, Japanologues and bibliographers but also to any historian of Bloomsbury, or to biographers of the many literary figures whom Waley knew and corresponded with for more than half a century, or of course to any biographer of Waley himself.

* * *

Those who complain about the tediously respectable behaviour of young bards will have taken heart from the recent book-burning episode, in which a band of assertedly avant-garde youths—inflamed by the Arts Council's award of bursaries to "establishment" poets like Richard Murphy, Patrick Kavanagh, and Zulfikar Ghose—erected a pyre of loathed slim volumes on the front steps of 4 St. James's Square, and put a match to it. As the shapely verses snapped and crackled, small protesting statements were delivered to the press (i.e., *The Guardian*). The most memorable of these came from thirty-year-old John Horder; his rousing battle cry went as follows: "If I had not had particular connexions, I would not have had my two awards from the council last year!"

Another book-burner was one Spike Hawkins, and it was to air the plight of Mr. Hawkins that Adrian Mitchell, famed protest-poet now installed as Granada Fellow in the Arts, University of Lancaster, came up with his revolutionary proposal (also printed in the permissive *Guardian*) that poets who roam the country giving poetry readings should be "issued with free rail vouchers to and from readings". Such a gesture would, Mr. Mitchell swears, "radically change the whole reading circuit". Not only that: "Apart from helping to spread the exchange of poetry throughout Britain, I believe my suggestion would literally save the lives of several young poets who are frequently driven past the point of breakdown by lack of money." The next step: a grand Locomotive-Burning at the Albert Hall?

* * *

It is now a year since our own leading articles on the Arts Council's Bursary scheme appeared, and now at last one minor mystery has been cleared up. What, we asked then, was the Compton Poetry Fund going to be used for? Nobody seemed quite sure. We now hear from the University of Hull that the first grant has been made from the fund and that it will be used to finance a Compton Lectureship in Poetry. The first Compton lecturer will be C. Day Lewis, chairman of the Arts Council's Literature Panel.

* * *

The Latin American writer Carlos Fuentes has had his latest novel, *Cambo de piel*, vetoed by the Spanish censor's office. The report (reprinted in *Mundo nuevo*) is an unusually grisly document. Not only does it raise routine objections to Fuentes's "raving pornography" and "fierce eroticism", it also detects certain "blasphemies and heresies" and "political allusions". This is how it describes them:

> Neither Jesus Christ nor the Blessed Virgin are spared. Carlos Fuentes's whoremongering fury. . . . Not only is [he] Communistic and anti-Christian, he is also anti-German and pro-Jewish . . . the only thing that Carlos Fuentes is good at concealing is his aversion for Spain. . . .

And it is unlikely, one imagines, that he will be much good at that from now on.

FIFTY-YEAR RULE

Extracts from reviews published anonymously in the TLS *on November 1, 1917.*

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH NOVEL. Volume I. (From the beginning to 1800.) By George Saintsbury.

Mr. Saintsbury, who now at the age of a well-fought day, *emeritus sed operis meritus*, bravely settles down to write a history of the French novel which is as absorbing as any glorious tale. It is lost labour to attempt to keep one's head in this flood of splendid enthusiasm for the subject of a literary kind. Against Mr. Saintsbury all our latter-day endeavours to hold fast to some distinction between a novel and a romance, between the interesting and the significant story, seem trivial. When we recognize ourselves as swept away in a burst of half contempt, half admiration, over "our modern characters", we have the not unprofitable feeling that some Pantisocratic justice is being done, and we are convinced that it really is as stupid a mistake to be too impatient with the past as with one of our petty contemporaries. Here is the whole of life before you, says Professor Saintsbury, gathering the practice of the great novelists together into a focus: copy it, or better, recreate it with variation and decoration (but as faithfully, but as freely as you can". It is vain to ask, in modern custom, whether the word "copy" to the recreator has not covered a licence in kind vain because Professor Saintsbury has followed the principle which he commends, and in the volume we do not find the faithfulness and the variation and the *libitum*, while the other word for it—

* * *

Mr. Saintsbury is unsympathetic to that which the traditional French criticism regards as the essential thread in the *recherche de la paternité* of the French novel—the exceedingly close, but to us at times oddly formal, psychological analysis of motive. French literature reacts far more immediately to "official" criticism than our own, and that the criticism itself derives its authority from the reality of the tradition which it upholds. Professor Saintsbury inclines rather to look for the excellences of the English novel in the French, and to be so contagiously enthusiastic when he finds them as to convince us that they and nothing else are the real thing. In a sense, perhaps, they are, for the enjoyment of them is wholehearted and absolutely sincere, while there is always a shade of affectation in the most honest attempt to enjoy French literature in the French way. But the fact has to be faced. The French novel is not spacious like our own; it does not in anything like the same degree attempt "to copy or to recreate" the whole of human life; as much an interest of method as of matter, and for all its ample excursions and alarms it does show an ineradicable instinct to return to "the study of passion, not of life at large at all".

The nineteenth century only serves to reveal this native tendency on a larger scale. Therefore when Professor Saintsbury, after utterly rejecting Choderlos de Laclos, discusses the works of Pigault-Lebrun at considerable length, he may be candid and, as he most certainly is, interesting, but it may be urged that he is not being what he professes to be, an historian of the French novel. At all events it is certain that he has chosen the better part.

Not the least potent reason why French literature is not, as it certainly is not, well or widely read in England is the servile adoption, in schools and other places where they teach, of the semi-official labels stuck once for all upon French writers by French criticism. Professor Saintsbury, having held fast to the golden rule of reading the books themselves and not what other people say about them, has dealt another of his sturdy blows in defence of right education; and though in dealing it he has to some extent forgotten

GOOD FRIDAY. A Play in Verse. By John Masefield.

This play first appeared in the *Fortnightly* for December, 1915, and was acted for the Stage Society on February 25 and 26, 1917.

This brilliant little work is in rhymed couplets; the scenes of broken dialogue are as supple and rapid as anything ever written in the metre. The characters are all commonplace people moved by such motives as move their likes of today; and yet they perpetrate that great injustice which has become the central fact of the Christian religion. We owe Mr. Masefield gratitude not only for the living beauties of a play which everyone will read, but for his bold choice of subject; in Shakespeare's phrase, "These graces challenge grace." Will the breadth of his appeal and his growing popularity induce his countrymen to concede the grace of public performance to him? Now that the production of banned plays by Ibsen and Brieux has been officially promoted, can the discountenanced Censor refuse to license *Good Friday*? Alas, it would be rash to answer this question with an assured negative. In America the play has been given in a church. The intolerance of official England has cost our literature more than we realize or than can be computed. One of the finest of living critics writes:—

> Shakespeare's remarkable among the greater poets for being without a philosophy and without a religion . . . something makes us wonder whether the northern mind, even in him, did not remain morose and barbarous at its utmost work.

When Mr. Santayana wrote this, he had not taken into account the effect of the blasphemy laws and other regulations enforced during Shakespeare's time. Some of his plays were bowdlerized; Heaven and Jove replacing God on Christ, and in his latest plays he had to adopt this pagan paraphernalia. What encouragement, what liberty had he to complete his work on the side of religion? These intolerant laws and their effects in debasing the stage probably cost us, besides, the development of Milton's early impulse towards dramatic form. Who shall say how much poorer the average English mind and soul is than it might have been could Tudor statesmen have conceived the real importance of liberty and of a free theatre?

(T. STURGE MOORE).

(J. MIDDLETON MURRY)

Librarianship and Bibliography

B.M. BOOK MAN

EDWARD MILLER: *Prince of Librarians.* The Life and Times of Antonio Panizzi of the British Museum. 365pp. Deutsch. £2 10s.

"Panizzi in the flesh was far from a lovable personage. Scarcely anyone in the Museum liked him; the London booksellers hated him, and no one ever did business with him pleasantly. . . . We may hope that never again will any clever Italian, German, Frenchman, or other foreigner, find himself at the head of our national library."

Thus wrote Panizzi's frank obituarist in *The Bookseller* of May 2, 1879. Panizzi had made himself hated and feared by the book trade through his enforcement by law of the deposits of books authorized by the Copyright Act, deposits which before his time had been systematically evaded. This factor, combined with unconcealed xenophobia, was doubtless the cause of this harsh memorial of the greatest of our national librarians, but it typifies the passionate animosities which his name aroused in life and which it has inspired beyond the grave.

He tended always to be painted in either black or white and usually larger than life. Louis Fagan's official biography of 1880 reveals the other side of the coin, the adulation with which he was regarded by many members of his staff. There have been more recent studies of Panizzi in his setting as an Italian patriot, but no work which has hitherto done justice to his dominating position as architect of the national library as we know it today, and it is in this context that Mr. Miller's new biography, which has drawn fully upon the Trustees' Minute Books and other internal records of the British Museum, is to be welcomed.

Panizzi's gigantic reforms in the British Museum must be set against a background of reform in many other spheres, the Civil Service, the universities and the Royal Society among them. It was an act of supreme good fortune that there was available at the right moment a man of dominating personality, of first-class administrative ability, ruthless in action, intolerant of opposition, yet a man who made influential allies in his campaigns to extract unprecedented sums from Parliament for the transformation of his beloved museum. Such tasks were palpably beyond the capacity of the group of elderly scholar-clergymen who comprised the officers of the Museum until the middle of the nineteenth century, and indeed it could be argued that no English gentleman could have achieved half what this huge, handsome, fiery and uninhibited Italian brought about.

The history of a library is not an easy subject to present to the general reader. Mr. Miller has been conspicuously successful in creating a lucid and readable narrative of the complex controversies, many on highly technical subjects such as methods of cataloguing, with which Panizzi's career abounded. It would be difficult to improve on the author's treatment of Panizzi the administrator and his handling of the dramatic ebb and flow of his fortunes. Panizzi's temperamental inclination to meet trouble half-way, his adroitness in counter-attack, the theatrical qualities of his leadership which inspired intense devotion in most of his staff and embarrassed distaste or passionate dislike in some other quarters are skilfully employed by Mr. Miller to maintain the pace and interest of his story; and the account of Panizzi's struggles at the Museum before he became its principal officer genuinely transmits to us the seething ferment of the institution, as rival reformers clashed with each other and with the conservative elements, to whom reforms were abhorrent. No less interesting, but less well known, is Mr. Miller's account of Panizzi's astonishing social successes and his acceptance by the Whig aristocracy, who provided influential support for him at the several crises in his early career.

In one respect, however, Mr. Miller does less than justice to a major figure in the life-story of Panizzi. References to Sir Frederic Madden, Panizzi's defeated rival for the Principal Librarianship, are wholly unflattering throughout the book, with the exception of one footnote in which he is described as "a fine scholar". Madden was in fact the greatest British palaeographer of the nineteenth century and perhaps the greatest head of the Department of Manuscripts there has ever been. Mr. Miller's bibliography discloses that he has made use of Madden's *Journal* only up to 1835, and, if the date is not a misprint, he has cut himself off from a major and fascinating source for the history of the Museum during the succeeding thirty years. The dedication with which Madden slaved to increase and to catalogue the national collection of manuscripts matched Panizzi's efforts in the field of printed books, and if the latter, as Mr. Miller says, was responsible for much that is best in the National Library today, the same is true of Madden and his Department. The tragic animosity between the two men had, of course, a divisive effect on the national collections, traces of of which have survived into modern times; and Madden's hypersensitivity and dark pride made him his own worst enemy. When, however, his life comes to be written on the scale it deserves, his dominant position in raising the status of his department during this period of great reforms will receive due recognition.

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THE RECLAM CENTENARY

Reclam: Hundert Jahre Universal-Bibliothek. Ein Almanach. 867pp. Stuttgart: Philipp Reclam Jun.

November 10, 1867, was a turning point in the history of German publishing. On that day the copyright law came into force which the Federal Diet had issued in 1856; it declared that thirty years after November 9, 1837, the writings of all authors who had died before that day would no longer be protected by any privileges granted to their original publishers. The thirty-year qualification freed virtually every famous poet, playwright and novelist, including Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and Kleist.

Dozens of publishers seized this opportunity. All of them and their editions are forgotten, with one exception: the firm of "Philipp Reclam Jun." and the *Universal-Bibliothek* which was launched on November 10, 1867.

Anton Philipp Reclam (1807-96) was the scion of a Huguenot Savoyard family, which had left their country for conscience's sake in the sixteenth century and reached Leipzig via Geneva, Dublin and Berlin. Philipp's father was the first to enter the book trade. When, in 1828, the son opened his own bookshop he therefore added "Junior" to the name of his firm—still whimsically preserved on the present-day title pages. Within a few years, Reclam had branched out into publishing. He sponsored the radical Young German movement, and it is appropriate that the centenary publications include an anthology of the writings of *Das Junge Deutschland*.

In 1837 Reclam gave up his retail shop and henceforth concentrated on publishing, soon combined with printing; he was one of the earliest German printers to make extensive use of the then new technique of stereotype. His success started in 1858 when he produced a twelve-volume Shakespeare translation at the amazingly cheap price of 1½ talers (about 4s. 6d.). By 1867 it had not only reached its fifteenth reprint but also inspired a new venture, a Shakespeare in 25 separate issues at two *groschen* (2½d.) each. It was the dress-rehearsal, as it were, of the *Universal-Bibliothek*.

The first prospectus makes evident the careful thought with which the Reclams—Philipp's son, Hans Heinrich (1840-1920), had joined the firm in 1863—had prepared this great enterprise. For its main features have since been adopted by all paperback editions: the publication of the masterpieces of national and foreign literatures, of less elevated books which "enjoy general popularity", of good books which have been unjustly forgotten, and finally of original writings by recognized experts. All books were edited with scholarly accuracy, non-German texts in competent translations. The uniform style did not fetter the buyer to a subscription of the whole set or even [illegible] of titles, as was demanded by similar series. "Everyone should be enabled to assemble a library suited to his own taste and need. The continuation of the series will depend upon its reception by the public."

This support has not been lacking. By 1942, before the whole stock was destroyed by allied raids on Leipzig, the *Universal-Bibliothek* had reached a total sale of 273 million copies. Inevitably, the original price of 2½d. could not be maintained; in 1917 the German inflation killed it. This was offset partly by the typographical re-designing of the series, which was commissioned by Hans Emil Reclam (1881-1943) who, having learnt printing in England and the United States, employed the leading German disciples of Edward Johnston, F. H. Ehmcke, Peter Behrens and E. R. Weiss. At the same time, his brother Ernst (1876-1953), who was in charge of the editorial department, extended the scope of the *Universal-Bibliothek* by introducing the natural sciences and economics, and modernizing the philosophical and educational sections.

The dismantling of the machinery by the Soviet occupation forces and the "nationalization" of the firm by the East German Communist regime forced the Reclams in 1947 to move to Stuttgart. Here, under the guidance of Dr. Heinrich Reclam, the new-old house was reborn. The *Universal-Bibliothek* was re-created—as in 1867 its first titles were Goethe's *Faust* and Lessing's *Nathan*—and by 1967 had produced 2,000 numbers. They include some thirty British and American authors, ranging from Beowulf to E. M. Forster, a series of *Kunstführer*, covering Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland and Austria, and a comprehensive "History of German Literature" which will soon be available in English.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLIOPHILES

The fourth Congress of the International Association of Bibliophiles, whose headquarters are in Paris, with M. Jacques Guignard as secretary-general, was held in London in the autumn of 1965. Its proceedings, briefly reported in this journal on October 7, were published almost exactly two years later, coinciding (whether by accident or design) with the Congress's fifth meeting in Venice, where more than a hundred bibliophiles from half a dozen countries have been sampling the treasures of the Marciana, inspecting the restored library of the Querini-Stampaglia, visiting Petrarch's house at Arquà Petrarca, the Villa Maser and exhibitions at Pisa, Verona and Vicenza, in the intervals between "work sessions" at the Fondazione Cini.

The *Transactions* of the London Congress (400 copies printed, obtainable from the Association Internationale de Bibliophilie, 58 rue de Richelieu, Paris 2e, 22fr.) have been edited by Mr. Anthony Hobson, who is chief of staff to the Congress itself. Here, in a hundred pages, with twelve plates, are the papers delivered by Professor Wormald, Dr. Ferdinand Geldner, Dr. Martin Bodmer, Mr. Philip Hofer, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell and Mr. H. M. Nixon. Dr. Geldner's paper (with a reproduction from the unique Munich copy of the *Türken-Calendar* [Mainz, 1454]) is printed in German; and although no doubt all serious students will read "Ungelöste Gutenberg-Probleme" without difficulty, it will revive in the less literate amateurs of the dark years before the forty-two-line Bible the often expressed but still unfulfilled wish for an English edition of Carl Wehmer's *Mainzer Probedrucke*, based on the Cracow fragments. Others besides those who remember Dr. Arthur Rau's account in *The Book Collector* (1958-59) of the Bibliotheca Bodmeriana at Grand Cologny, Geneva, will welcome its founder's own "historical and philosophical survey" of the "cultural and spiritual ideas" behind the grand design on which, twenty years ago, he gave us an interim report in his *Eine Bibliothek der Weltliteratur*. Professor Wormald's "Continental Influence on French Mediaeval Illumination", Mr. Hofer's "Seventeenth-century English Book Illustration", Mr. Sitwell's "On Aquatints" and Mr. Nixon's "English Bookbindings" are all accomplished exercises. They were illustrated, when delivered by slides, and it must be admitted that the reader misses these; but the necessary signposts are there and, as the editor characteristically observes, "anyone who wishes to reconstruct the sequence of slides, or to extra-illustrate their copy, should find no difficulty in doing so".

One delivered address (neatly complementary to Professor Wormald's) on "English Influence on Continental Illumination", is, alas, missing from these *Transactions*. Jean Porcher, for so many years the *genius loci* of the Cabinet des Manuscrits at the Bibliothèque Nationale, spoke extempore: and he did not live long enough to put a memorable discourse on paper. This sad lacuna is gracefully filled by a tribute from M. Jacques Guignard to a man whom Mr. Hobson, speaking surely for fellow-members of many nationalities, salutes as "a great scholar and bibliophile, and a cherished friend".

CRANFIELD INDEXING

CYRIL CLEVERDON and MICHAEL KEEN: *Factors Determining the Performance of Indexing Systems.* Volume 2. 299pp. Aslib Cranfield Research Project. £2 10s.

Cranfield II is the short title of the research study which took place from 1962 to 1966 at the College of Aeronautics and at Aslib on the performance of various structural devices in indexing systems. The study was financed by the National Science Foundation. The final volume of its report gives test results in 299 pages, [illegible]. Thanks to the investigators' thoroughness and the intractable difficulties of the subject, the data presented pose many more questions than they answer. The firm conclusions are minute, yet not too minute to arouse controversy. They may be summarized by saying that index languages consisting of single terms are generally, on their showing in the tests, more effective in respect of recall than those which use combined or precoordinated terms. Between the best single-term system and the best combined-term system there is a difference of 2.77 per cent on the Cranfield "normalized recall" scale. The authors of the report appear to regard this difference as being on the borderline between doubtful and certain significance.

The view that the simplest indexing system is also the most effective will be well received by all who are looking for a short cut through the somewhat forbidding semantic problems of information storage for retrieval. The report itself puts forward the tentative hypothesis that there is an optimum degree of specificity of subject statement appropriate to an index. The single-term index languages were just about right in this respect, while the "concept" or combined word languages were too specific. The latter suggestion is borne out by an improvement in the combined-word languages when "hierarchical reduction" was applied to them.

These conclusions were as surprising to the researchers as they will be to many readers of their report. They must inevitably bring into question the test methods themselves. Just how relevant are the Cranfield tests to the practical business of index preparation and utilization? Does the experimental model unavoidably simplify the real-life situation beyond all useful connexion? Do the imponderables which remain in the model, the subjectivity of the "weighting" and relevance rankings, the uncharted complexities associated with the initial transfer of information from the source document to the indexing language—do such factors invalidate the whole test procedure? They would indeed suggest that there is no reason to suppose that the test results themselves are of great significance. On the other hand, the attempt to reproduce even a caricature of the very complex index searcher situation for the purpose of laboratory assessment has [illegible] handsomely in enhanced [illegible] appreciation of the nature, role and interrelations of the index [illegible] studied. It is for this reason that Volume I, Part I of the report, published last year, appears to have an importance out of all proportion to that of Volume II.

Letters to the Editor (continued)

ILLUMINATIONS

Sir,—An error of fact and one of interpretation in the review of the William Blake Trust facsimile of *Milton* (September 14) seem to require comment. It is stated that "no facsimile . . . has been made" since Muir's 1886 "and Maclagen and Russell's 1907." This is misleading because the latter volume is merely a letterpress text that makes no attempt to reproduce Blake's pictorial designs and is not at all a "facsimile" like the fully illuminated Muir and Blake Trust volumes. [illegible] what your reviewer had in mind is the lithographic facsimile of [illegible] included in the Ellis and Yeats edition of Blake's *Works*, 1893.

Later your reviewer declares that Sir Geoffrey Keynes, the editor of the facsimile, was uncritically following an idiosyncratic notion of S. Foster Damon in saying that the Bard's Song was prompted by Blake's relationship with Hayley. But it may be responded that all the critics of the poem, such as Frye and Bloom, have essentially agreed that this episode was occasioned by this experience. But no serious critic, including Sir Geoffrey, argues that this mundane quarrel is the primary *meaning* of the episode, as your reviewer would have the reader suppose. On the other hand it is necessary to agree with the reviewer that the attendant figures depicted on the last page of *Milton* should not be called "Seraphim of love" as Damon (and Sir Geoffrey) has done. One can only ask whether the failure of these great scholars to number the wings of the corn deserves such acerbity from a reviewer. The fact remains that no critic has come close to writing a definitive statement on this wonderful, enigmatic design.

JOHN E. GRANT.
University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

Our reviewer writes:—Your correspondent is correct in saying that Maclagen and Russell's 1907 edition of Milton was not a "facsimile" and my description of it was misleading.

As to his other points, my "acerbity" was not occasioned by a particular but by a general mistaken attitude of Blake scholars. Because Blake was mystic and saw "visions" his critics are too often felt justified in deciding his meaning by mere guess-work; high-minded in the earlier generation of Foster Damon and his contemporaries ("Seraphim of love" for very obvious ears of corn) and low-minded (Freud and so on) in later exegetists. Unfortunately these guesses when repeated from one work to another take on a kind of pseudo-authority. This is all the more to be regretted when so great a Blake scholar as Sir Geoffrey Keynes gives them currency. Foster Damon himself, who originated the nonsense about "Seraphim of love", has also made valuable contributions to real Blake scholarship, but unfortunately [illegible] distinguished certainties of scholarship from his own guesses; and Blake scholarship today is a mass of opinion handed on uncritically from one volume to another.

Your correspondent himself cites a good example—the notion that the poem Milton and the character Hyle (the Greek word for matter, one which occurs in at least half a dozen books known to have been known to Blake) is concerned with Blake's relations with Hayley is mere opinion, and not very intelligent opinion at that; and yet on the authority of "Frye and Bloom" it is presented as virtually an established fact. Northrop Frye has indeed made excellent contributions to Blake scholarship, but here again his views are indiscriminately adopted whether based on fact or on (as in the present case) opinion.

In the example of the ears of corn there is no particular mystery at all. Blake writes, both in *Milton* and in *Vala* Night ix, of the sowing and harvesting of "the human harvest". The symbol is taken from St. Paul and other biblical sources, and a glance at the plate accompanying the poem "To Tirzah" (added to *Songs of Experience* about 1801) gives a clue in the phrase "It is Raised a Spiritual Body". There is no need to go beyond Blake's own text and the Bible to understand the theme. The central figure in the *Milton* plate might be surmised (not by guessing but by comparison of texts) to be Ahania, who is in *Vala* ix associated with the Human Harvest. This is not certain but is at least probable.

There is an intense reluctance among Blake scholars to admit that the great visionary was in fact drawing on a body of literature whose existence they prefer to forget—the learned literature of the European esoteric tradition; not included in the syllabus of the English schools either of England or of America, but discovered and rediscovered by the poets; whose work (whether Blake or, more recently, Yeats) cannot be understood in other terms than that of the body of knowledge in which it is grounded. That the Perennial Philosophy calls in question the positivist humanism of present fashion adds to the hostility with which this body of learning is viewed by the majority of academic critics.

But there is in every critic the tendency, so brilliantly satirized by Nabokov, to project his own fantasies on to the subject of his learned discourse. Only one kind of knowledge is relevant to the study of any author—the knowledge upon which the author himself was drawing in the production of his work. There is already enough known about Blake's sources to make it ridiculous to go on with the guessing game.

EMMA

Sir,—In *Emma*, Jane Austen (Oxford edition, 1923, page 70) refers to the "well-known charade

My first doth affliction denote,
Which my second is destin'd to feel.
And my whole is the best antidote
That affliction to soften and heal."

The late Dr. Chapman provided no note on the point. Far from being "well known" today it seems that no student of Miss Austen whom I have consulted has ever come across it elsewhere and all have failed to provide a satisfactory solution of the charade.

Can one of your readers help?

MAIRHI GRAZEBROOK.
2 Lincoln Street, London, S.W.3.

RECENT SELECTED PAPERBACKS

Titles in bold type denote original publications.

Anthropology.—ROBIN FOX: **Kinship and Marriage.** Pelican. 6s. FRANZ STEINER: *Taboo.* Pelican. 3s. 6d.

Arts and Crafts.—FRANCIS HOYLAND: **Alive to Paint.** Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. STANLEY JONES: **Lithography for Artists.** Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. LAWRENCE LEE: **Stained Glass.** Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. ANDRÉ MALRAUX: **Museum without Walls.** Translated by Stuart Gilbert and Francis Price. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Biography and Memoirs.—C. G. JUNG: *Memories, Dreams, Reflections.* Edited by Aniela Jaffé. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Fontana. 12s. 6d. GEORGE RUDÉ (Editor): *Robespierre.* Spectrum Books. 16s. JEAN-PAUL SARTRE: *Words.* Translated by Irene Clephane. Penguin in association with Hamish Hamilton. 3s. 6d. VICTOR SERGE: *Memoirs of a Revolutionary, 1901-1914.* Translated by Peter Sedgwick. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

Cinema and Drama.—PAUL FOSTER: **"Balls" and Other Plays.** Calder and Boyars. 7s. 6d. JEAN-CLAUDE VAN ITALLIE: **America Hurrah and Other Plays.** Penguin. 4s. 6d. TOM MILNE (Editor): **Losey on Losey.** Secker and Warburg in association with the British Film Institute. 15s. PETER NICHOLS: **A Day in the Life of Joe Egg.** Faber and Faber. 6s. 6d. RICHARD ROUD: **Jean-Luc Godard.** Secker and Warburg in association with the B.F.I. 15s. GEOFFREY NOWELL-SMITH: **Luchino Visconti.** Secker and Warburg in association with the B.F.I. 15s. CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKI: *An Actor Prepares.* Translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. Penguin. 6s.

Economics.—VICTOR GORDON: **Export—or Die?** Zenith Paperbacks. 5s. ELLIOTT JAQUES: **Equitable Payment.** Pelican. 7s. 6d. MARGOT NAYLOR: *Your Money.* Zenith Paperbacks. 5s. MICHAEL REAGAN: *The Managed Economy.* Oxford University Press. 11s. 6d. R. S. SAYERS: **A History of Economic Change in England, 1880-1939.** Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

Essays.—ISAIAH BERLIN: *The Hedgehog and the Fox.* Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 9s. 6d. DAN JACOBSON: *Time of Arrival and Other Essays.* Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 10s. 6d. A. G. MACDONELL: *England, Their England.* Papermac. 6s. HENRY DE MONTHERLANT: *Selected Essays.* Edited by Peter Quennell. Translated by John Weightman. Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 12s. 6d.

Fiction.—CHARLES DICKENS: *Little Dorrit.* Edited by John Holloway. Penguin. 10s. 6d. MAUREEN DUFFY: *The Microcosm.* Panther. 5s. GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner.* Edited by Q. D. Leavis. Penguin. 4s. 6d. MICHAEL FRAYN: *The Russian Interpreter.* Penguin. 3s. 6d. *The Golden Casket.* Chinese novellas of two millennia. Translated by Christopher Levenson from Wolfgang Bauer's and Herbert Franke's German version of the original. Penguin. 10s. 6d. THOMAS HUGHES: *Tom Brown's Schooldays.* Papermac. 6s. HARRY KRESSING: *The Cook.* Panther. 5s. DAVID LODGE: *The British Museum is Falling Down.* Panther. 3s. 6d. CESARE PAVESE: *The Devil in the Hills.* Translated by D. D. Paige. Penguin. 3s. 6d. EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Writings.* Edited by David Galloway. Penguin. 7s. 6d. J. B. PRIESTLEY: *Lost Empires.* Pan. 7s. 6d. MURIEL SPARK: *The Mandelbaum Gate.* Penguin. 5s. H. G. WELLS: *The War in the Air.* Penguin. 4s. 6d.

History.—GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH: *An Introduction to Contemporary History.* Pelican. 5s. W. G. BEASLEY: *The Modern History of Japan.* Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 21s. PHILIP DAWSON (Editor): **The French Revolution.** Spectrum Books. 16s. JACQUES DROZ: **Europe between Revolutions, 1815-1848.** Translated by Robert Baldick. Fontana. 8s. 6d. DESMOND FLOWER and JAMES REEVES (Editors): *The War, 1939-45.* Panther. Two Vols. 25s. in slipcase. MARTIN GILBERT and RICHARD GOTT: *The Appeasers.* Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 22s. 6d. P. M. HOLT: *A Modern History of the Sudan.* Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 16s. ROGER ASHLEY LEONARD (Editor): **A Short Guide to Clausewitz on War.** Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 16s. DONALD EUGENE SMITH: *India as a Secular State.* Princeton University Press. 26s. A. J. P. TAYLOR: **Europe: Grandeur and Decline.** Pelican. 7s. 6d. LAWRENCE STONE: *The Crisis of the Aristocracy, 1558-1641.* (Abridged edition.) Oxford University Press. 17s. 6d. JOHN TERRAINE: *The Great War, 1914-18.* Arrow Books. 7s. 6d. RICHARD T. VANN (Editor): **Century of Genius: European Thought, 1600-1700.** Spectrum Books. 16s. E. M. CARUS-WILSON: *Medieval Merchant Ventures.* University Paperbacks. 18s.

Literature and Literary Criticism.—GEORGE K. ANDERSON: *The Literature of the Anglo-Saxons.* Princeton University Press. 22s. 6d. CYRIL BIRCH (Editor): **Anthology of Chinese Literature.** Penguin. 10s. 6d. C. M. BOWRA: *Ancient Greek Literature.* Opus Books. 7s. 6d. ROBERT LOUIS JACKSON (Editor): Chekhov. Spectrum Books. 16s. ARNOLD KETTLE: *An Introduction to the English Novel.* Two vols. Hutchinson University Library. 10s. 6d. each. *The Palace of Pleasure.* Elizabethan versions of Italian and French novels. Translated by William Painter. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. Three Vols. Dover Publications. 18s. each. JAMES REEVES: *Understanding Poetry.* Pan. 6s. EARL R. WASSERMAN: *The Finer Tone. Keats' Major Poems.* Johns Hopkins Press. 18s.

Law.—JOHN BIGGS: *The Guilty Mind.* Psychiatry and the Law of Homicide. Johns Hopkins Press. 18s. H. G. HANBURY: *English Courts of Law.* Opus Books. 7s. 6d. FRANK MILTON: *The English Magistracy.* Opus Books. 7s. 6d.

Philosophy.—ÉMILE BRÉHIER: *The Middle Ages and the Renaissance.* Translated by Wade Baskin. Phoenix Books. 14s. HUNTINGTON CAIRNS: *Legal Philosophy from Plato to Hegel.* Johns Hopkins Press. 32s. WILLIAM A. CHRISTIAN: *An Interpretation of Whitehead's Metaphysics.* Yale University Press. 21s. MAURICE CRANSTON: *Freedom: A New Analysis.* Longmans. 15s. W. H. WALSH: *An Introduction to Philosophy of History.* Hutchinson University Library. 11s. 6d.

Politics and Political Theory.—W. E. ABRAHAM: *The Mind of Africa.* Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 12s. 6d. KATHLEEN ALLSOP: **What's Politics got to do with us?** Zenith Books. 5s. DAVID E. APTER: *The Political Kingdom in Uganda.* Princeton University Press. 26s. ERNEST BARKER: *Reflections on Government.* Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. LUCY MAIR: *New Nations.* Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 15s. IVOR BULMER-THOMAS: *The Growth of the British Party System.* Two vols. John Baker. 25s. each. CRAWFORD YOUNG: *Politics in the Congo.* Princeton University Press. 26s.

Religion.—PIERRE BABIN: **Faith and the Adolescent.** Burns and Oates. 13s. 6d. HENRY BETTENSON (Editor): *Documents of the Christian Church.* Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. ADRIAN HASTINGS: **Church and Mission in Modern Africa.** Burns and Oates. 21s. EDWARD J. JURJI (Editor): *The Great Religions of the Modern World.* Princeton University Press. 22s. 6d. G. W. H. LAMPE: *The Seal of the Spirit.* SPCK. 21s. JOHN A. T. ROBINSON: **Exploration into God.** SCM Press. 7s. 6d. LESLIE WEATHERHEAD: *The Christian Agnostic.* Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

Science.—RONALD FRASER: *Understanding the Earth.* Pelican. 6s. S. HANDEL: **The Electronic Revolution.** Pelican. 6s. G. E. SPECK (Editor): *A Compact Science Dictionary.* Revised by Bernard Jaffe. Pan. 7s. 6d. P. M. SHEPPARD: *Natural Selection and Heredity.* Hutchinson University Library. 11s. 6d.

Social Studies.—MICHAEL ARGYLE: *Psychology and Social Problems.* Social Science Paperbacks. 16s. T. R. BATTEN, with the collaboration of MADGE BATTEN: **The Non-Directive Approach in Group and Community Work.** Oxford University Press. 18s. ELIZABETH BURNEY: **Housing on Trial.** Published for the Institute of Race Relations by Oxford University Press. 25s. C. WRIGHT MILLS: *The Sociological Imagination.* Oxford University Press. 11s. 6d. THEODORE M. MILLS: The Sociology of Small Groups. Prentice-Hall. 16s. ROGER OWEN: (Editor) Middle Age. B.B.C. Publications. 8s.

World Affairs.—ELIE ABEL: *The Missiles of October.* The Cuban Missile Crisis 1962. Mayflower-Dell. 5s. NEVILLE BROWN: **Arms without Empire.** Penguin Special. 4s. 6d. JOACHIM JOESTEN: **The Garrison Enquiry.** Peter Dawnay in association with Tandem Books. 5s. RONALD SEGAL: *The Race War.* Pelican. 7s. 6d. PETER WORSLEY: *The Third World.* Weidenfeld Goldbacks. 18s.

List of Publishers and Distributors.—Arrow Books (Hutchinson); Dover Publications (Hutchinson); Fontana (Collins); Johns Hopkins Press, Princeton University Press, Opus Books (Oxford University Press); Papermac (Macmillan); Pelican (Penguin); Phoenix Books (University of Chicago Press); Social Science Paperbacks (Tavistock Press); Spectrum Books (Prentice-Hall); University Paperbacks (Methuen); Zenith Books (Hodder and Stoughton).

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Aesthetics

EARL OF LISTOWEL. *Modern Aesthetics: An Historical Introduction.* 222pp. Allen and Unwin. 42s.

[illegible] reprint of a thesis dating back to [illegible], somewhat revised and brought up to date, and serving in particular to survey trends of thought and their subsequent enlargement since about [illegible].

Architecture

[illegible] ERNST: *Architecture and the [illegible].* Translated by E. Rockwell. [illegible] Thames and Hudson.

A valuable source of information on techniques for protecting buildings from excessive light, glare and solar radiation. Sun-protection devices [illegible] effective ventilation; the [illegible] escape. The author discusses many ways of dealing with [illegible] from the simple fitting [illegible] to the inside or [illegible] a building such as a [illegible] building itself, which can be used [illegible] a variety of ways to protect the [illegible] the floor slabs, or the bearing [illegible]. These [illegible] techniques are [illegible] illustrated with photographs and drawings.

SMITHSON, ALISON and PETER. *Urban Structuring.* 96pp. Studio Vista. 25s.

A provocative and stimulating collection of articles on town planning and architecture by two well-known architects. The first half of the book is a reprint of what appeared in a limited edition of *Uppercase* in 1960 and the remainder has been taken mainly from essays published in the magazine *Architectural Design*.

There is, therefore, nothing new for those who have followed the Smithsons. It is useful, however, to have them together in one book, although one wonders why it should have ended with the Smithson scheme for Street in Somerset, dated 1964. Surely a lot more recent material could have been added, to attract a wider readership, and Theo Crosby's introduction could, likewise, have been extended.

O'CONNOR, JOHN. *Landscape Painting.* 92pp. Studio Vista. 35s.

Mr. O'Connor, who teaches at the St. Martin's School of Art, recognizes that landscape painting has its own special problems. Theory and practice are discussed, often on original lines, and illustrated, in colour and halftone, from the work of the great landscape painters of the past. (The book is neatly dedicated "To J. M. W. T.") The use of photographs [illegible] one such section of railroad subjects carrying the captions "Parallel perspective forms" and "Repetition of rectangular forms above curved rails" is both ingenious and instructive.

Authorship

MITCHELL, J. *A First Course in Technical Writing.* 180pp. Chapman and Hall. 30s. (Paperback, 16s.)

The purpose here is the encouragement of a good clear style in the writing of reports, leaflets, and every kind of written communication in industry. It is frankly an examination textbook, but intended too "as a general introduction to technical writing suitable for all to whom industrial written communications are important". The subject is dealt with comprehensively, from the collection of the material to its presentation in various forms; there are exercises for the student, and, finally a glossary of English usage.

RYAN, PETER. *The Preparation of Manuscripts.* 23pp. Melbourne University Press. London: Cambridge University Press. 6s.

Only the most meticulous authors could expect to score full marks on all the points raised in this guide to the ideal preparation of typescripts for the printer. The advice Mr. Ryan gives should be read and digested particularly by writers of works of scholarship, who could thus save time and expense, and might even reduce the price of their books. Those who follow his guidance on such matters as clear, correct typing, the setting out of footnotes and headings, and the general arrangement of the manuscripts will benefit both themselves and their publishers. This is a pamphlet most authors would do well to keep at their elbows.

Biography and Memoirs

COLE, CHRISTOPHER. *McCudden V.C.* 224pp. William Kimber. £2 10s.

James McCudden was probably the finest example in the First World War of the value of persistence, of strict attention to the essential principles of air combat and of care in the matter of technical details. He began his service life as an air mechanic, progressed to observer, then to sergeant pilot and finally to commissioned rank. In the early part of his experience as fighter pilot, he had endless trouble with jammed guns and worked on them himself. Sometimes he re-rigged his own machine. At least twice, he modified it to improve its performance. In 1916 he went two months before he shot down an enemy. In the end he had a total of fifty-six to his credit and on two occasions brought down four in a day, and,

THE SECOND FOUNDATION OF EMPIRE: By Y. B. Low Ito

What were the results of World War II? Perhaps, the most important result of World War II was the decline of British imperial power in Asia, leading to the tragic aftermath in Vietnam and S.E. Asia. In this engrossing, thought-provoking book, the author probes one of the great historical movements of our times.—Copies from: WM. DAWSON LTD., Cannon House, Macklin St., London. TEL. CHANCERY 5111.

KAMA SUTRA: Hindu Art of Love. Complete English translation of the authentic original Sanskrit Text of Vatsyayana, by Dr. S. C. Upadhyaya, M.A., LL.B., D.L., Ph.D. With 16 line-drawings and 96 half-tone illustrations. £6 15s. Publishers in India: D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Private Ltd., Bombay. In U.K. CHARLES SKILTON LTD., London, S.W.19.

KAMA KALPA: Hindu Art of Love (Based on *Ananga Ranga* and other Sanskrit Works on Love and Sex Life), by P. Thomas. With 225 illustrations, £4/4/-. Published by D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Private Ltd., Bombay, India. STOCKISTS: M/S. LEISURE PUBLICATIONS, 1, Electric Parade, Seven Kings Road, Ilford, Essex, England.

during one of his busiest periods, he fought for two months without having a single bullet hole in his own aeroplane. He died in July, 1918, in a take-off accident. He did more than a year in front-line service whereas the average for a fighter pilot was two months, and built up a total of 872 hours against the average of 200. Mr. Cole's biography is a model of accurately informed writing, as meticulous in its concern for precision as was McCudden himself.

LA CHARD, THÉRÈSE, *A Sailor Hat in the House of the Lord*. The Autobiography of a Rebellious Victorian. 179pp. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

Mrs. La Chard rebelled not so much against Victorianism as against music. Being himself a musician *manqué* her father determined to see his own ambition vicariously fulfilled in his daughter. She rebelled and rebellion led her to the teaching profession, to Labour party politics, and finally to authorship. She was born in 1874, and the story of her struggles, her achievements, and her love-affairs has something of the period flavour of a Wells novel. Her life would, indeed, have made better material for a straight novel than for an autobiography. Nevertheless, this is a beguiling book.

STEWART, OLIVER. *Words and Music for a Mechanical Man*. 227pp. Faber and Faber. 25s.

Major Stewart started as a musician, became an airman, repeated the sequence after the First World War and finally settled into the life of journalism in which he became best known; hence the title of his autobiography. His confessions have a deceptively frank air. As an original thinker, his service and scientific heresies might have been much more anarchical than they turned out to be; his insistence on the importance of sex in avoiding drunkenness and getting his job done well falls short of the true lack of reticence fashionable in this generation; and his tendency to rate journalism as a second-best occupation is not pursued into the days when, despite his stubborn individualism, he made a success of it. He makes his quite distinguished flying seem simple and unremarkable. The reader may regret that he stopped short of showing what belonged to honest and stimulating journalism.

Botany

BACON, BERTEL. *Nature as Designer*. A botanical art study. 176pp. Frederick Warne. £2 10s.

"Eyes have they but they see not" is so often true for many of us regarding the *design* of the plant kingdom. Beautiful shapes and patterns are missed, especially when they form a small part of the whole, as, for example, the chalices which hold the brighter and more immediately impressive petals of flowers and their seeds. The fruits and seed pods of flowering plants and gymnosperms have especially interested Dr. Bager, who is a surgeon in a Swedish hospital, and his beautiful photographs and interesting text enable the reader to share his pleasure. Many of the shapes are familiar in pottery and glass without their origins being necessarily recognized.

BARNEBY, T. P. *European Alpine Flowers in Colour*. 239pp. Nelson. £3 10s.

The author is a Cambridge graduate whose frequent visits to the Alps have resulted in a Flora of Alpine plants photographed in colour in their natural surroundings with concise descriptions of their diagnostic characters. Latin names are used in the text but a glossary giving English, French and German names will be of great value locally where confusion so often occurs. Though the book is aimed at those "not botanically minded" it will doubtless be of great value to botanists too, who walk in unfamiliar terrain in European mountains.

Geology

KIRKCALDY, J. F. *Fossils in Colour*. 223pp. Blandford Press. 25s.

A companion volume to Professor Kirkcaldy's previous book entitled "Minerals and rocks in colour", this textbook will be of great value to students and others who seek to interpret the earth's geological history by means of the fossil record the rocks contain. In dealing with the main groups of organisms which occur as fossils, an unusual and most helpful feature is that line drawings show the soft parts of the animals which are missing in the preserved specimens. A picture is thus established of the *living* organism and in many cases its mode of life and ecological habitat are further suggested by simple line drawings. The coloured illustrations, clear maps, a bibliography and references to more comprehensive texts enhance the value of this clear and concise volume.

History

MORTIMER, RUSSELL. *Early Bristol Quakerism*. 22pp. Bristol: Historical Association. 3s.

When the first Quaker preacher from the North reached Bristol in 1654 he appears to have found receptive hearers, and this pamphlet—the seventeenth in its series—is an account of early Quaker life in the city. Encouraged by visits from Fox and Penn, Bristol Quakerism withstood the official persecution and mob riots of the next half-century. Mr. Mortimer pays special attention to the earliest meeting houses and to Quaker organization at that time.

Music

ARNOLD, DENIS. *Monteverdi Madrigals*. BROWN, MAURICE J. E. *Schubert Songs*. 61pp. each. B.B.C. Publications. 5s. each.

The difficulty of writing a history of song, or a study of even one composer's vocal pieces is sheer quantity: how to master the mass of material? The individual song (or madrigal) has its points of interest but discussion of them produces either on the one hand a *catalogue raisonné* or on the other some only moderately helpful generalizations. In the two new additions to the B.B.C.'s series of guides to a single aspect of a composer's work Mr. Denis Arnold studies the madrigals of Monteverdi in chronological order and in so doing can trace a development in style; Mr. Maurice Brown mixes chronology with a cross-classification by Schubert's poets and so manages to avoid the catalogue. Both writers are experts in their subjects and both illumine them for the reader whom the B.B.C. has in mind.

Mr. Brown urges that the common view that Schubert brought the *Lied* to birth by parthenogenesis is not correct; he had some predecessors. Yet after all it was the conjunction at a moment in time of the invention of the pianoforte, the first considerable stirrings of the German poetic muse and the occurrence of Schubert's lyrical genius that established in one stroke the German lieder tradition as the main manifestation of the romantic movement. Mr. Brown, however, agrees that the evolutionary approach to Schubert is hopeless. The present settlement of Monteverdi as more than an interesting Historical Figure, to use Tovey's capital initials, has been proceeding all through the present century, and Mr. Arnold carries the process further in this short monograph, for the madrigals are less generally known than the stage works and the church music. He manages in the course of his technical comment to evoke the composer's personality from the texts of the madrigals, the known historical facts of his life and the psychological disclosures of the music. Both books with their similar problem and differing solutions are worthy continuations of a useful series that began with Haydn and Bach. Why, though, does the B.B.C. dislike the use of the genetive case in its titles?

Natural History

LYNE, GORDON. *Marsupials and Monotremes of Australia*. 72pp. Angus and Robertson. 30s.

The title of this book has a rather specialist ring about it, but it is in fact an interesting and informative study of the platypus and the ant-eater (monotremes or egg-laying mammals) and kangaroos, wallabies, and so on (marsupials or pouched mammals). Dr. Gordon Lyne's book is full of the most intimate details concerning these slightly bizarre mammals and his illustrations are delightful.

STANGER, MARGARET A. *That Quail, Robert*. 127pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

A quail's egg, taken for cold and apparently sterile, is placed on a shelf as a collector's specimen and unexpectedly hatches out—and thus Robert is born! As one would expect, he turns out to be a fowl of character and the Kienzle household revolves around his amusing antics. Margaret Stanger, a regular visitor to their home, writes affectionately of this unusual bird whose adventures will amuse both children and adults.

Occultism

SETH, RONALD. *Stories of Great Witch Trials*. 176pp. Arthur Barker. 21s.

This gruesome collection is preceded by an introduction which oversimplifies to a misleading degree what is known of the facts. It does not distinguish, for instance, between the ancient and widespread idea of witchcraft as an attempt to achieve evil ends by magical means, and the notion that fertility cults may long have survived underground in Christian Europe, and therefore concludes that the Inquisition "invented" the coven, with its initiation ceremony, its animal "familiars", and its sexual rituals. The author does not mention the effects of suggestion, whether in the form of "glamour" or of psychosomatic ailments in persons who believed themselves to have been "overlooked", or examine the conviction prevalent among many witches that they did indeed exert paranormal powers.

The trials themselves range from the time of the Witchcraft Act of 1563 until 1712; though written in summarized form they are most interesting, both factually and for some of the author's comments, especially on the fatal admission of the evidence given by children. All are English. It would be fascinating to know how the vomiting of pins came to be thought infallible evidence of being bewitched, and where the young "pathological swallowers" (to use Dr. Zilboorg's term for sufferers from an affliction still extant) got them all. They were still scarce in the Victorian days of "careless little Mattie".

GAMMON, CLIVE. *Fishing: A Practical Guide*. 128pp. Muller. 25s.

An uncommon flair designed to instruct his readers pictorially by giving the scenery equal importance with the text. The photographs certainly justify his venture, for they are not excellent: but a minor point of criticism might be that the reader has to dig into the text to discover what the captionless pictures describe.

aspects of the Scottish railway scene; the famous railway works at Glasgow which supplied locomotives to the world; daring bridges; handsome stations, celebrated railwaymen, including the redoubtable engine-designer Dugald Drummond and the hero of the races of 1895, driver John Soutar; and last but not least an enchanting picture of lowly travellers, hatted and full-skirted, grouped besides an engine which then helped to create for the Imperial Chinese Railways.

Reference Books

MILLER, WILLIAM C. and WISE, GEOFFREY I. *Black's Veterinary Dictionary*. 1,015pp. A. and C. Black. £2 10s.

The eighth edition, which has been completely revised, and now includes details of such things as new developments in veterinary medicine, public health matters, and so on.

Science

VALLÉE, JACQUES and JANINE. *Challenge to Science*. The UFO Enigma. Translated by Gordon Creighton. 268pp. Neville Spearman. 25s.

Encouraged by the scientific consultant for eighteen years of the U.S.A.F. on the subject of unidentified flying objects, these authors have collected dozens of examples of unexplained manifestations, classified and analysed them, subjected theories concerning them to computer examination and concluded that they justify exhaustive scientific attention. They insist that, although most scientists are still shy about appearing to take the subject seriously, many have abandoned their earlier inclination to dismiss it as the stuff of hallucination, hysteria or misinterpretation of natural phenomena.

Sports and Pastimes

GREGORY, MICHAEL. *Angling and the Law*. 196pp. Charles Knight. 35s.

With the enormous increase of anglers in this country, the total sum amounting to something like one million or more, a book which shows where they stand from the legal point of view is welcome. It seems particularly important for fishing clubs and associations to know their rights. There are useful appendixes dealing with pollution of rivers and water abstraction.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

APPOINTMENTS: Librarians—Public and University

NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL OF CANADA

POSTDOCTORATE FELLOWSHIPS 1968-69

Approximately 130 Fellowships will be awarded for 1968-69 by the National Research Council. They will be tenable in the laboratories of the National Research Council, Department of Agriculture, Department of Forestry and Rural Development, Department of Energy, Mines and Resources, Department of National Health and Welfare, Fisheries Research Board of Canada, Meteorological Service of the Department of Transport, National Museum of Canada, and Atomic Energy of Canada Limited.

Applicants should not be more than 35 years of age and should possess a Ph.D. degree from a recognized university or expect to obtain such a degree before taking up an award. (Candidates having equivalent research experience may be considered.) There are no restrictions regarding nationality of applicants, but successful applicants must meet all Canadian immigration requirements. The competition closes on 15th January, 1968.

The annual stipend, which is free of income tax, is $6,000 for both single and married Fellows and $7,200 for a married Fellow (male) with a child or children. A grant is provided towards the cost of travel.

Inquiries should be addressed to:
The Awards Officer,
National Research Council of Canada,
Ottawa 7, Canada.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON
New Zealand

Applications are invited for the following appointments, applications for which close on the dates shown. Intending applicants should write to the Registrar for further particulars.

SENIOR LECTURESHIP OR LECTURESHIP IN LINGUISTICS.
The appointment is to be made in the Department of English, but the courses to be offered are intended to be of wider interest to students in the Faculty of Arts. (24 November).

SENIOR LECTURESHIP IN ENGLISH.
LECTURESHIP IN ENGLISH LITERATURE OR IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE.
One of the appointments in English will be made in the field of Eighteenth Century literature as a first choice; the others will be available in English literature from the Renaissance onwards, or the appointee in English Language should have an interest in Modern English Linguistics. (24 November.)

The salary scale for a Lecturer is from $NZ3,000 rising to $NZ4,400, with a bar at this point, but on recommendation to $NZ3,600 and for a Senior Lecturer from $NZ4,200 rising to $NZ5,400 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of an appointee.

Superannuation is available on the F.S.S.U. basis.

Approved travel to Wellington will be allowed for an appointee and his dependent family together with actual removal expenses within specified limits.

Further particulars and information as to the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (British Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Applications close in London and Brisbane on 8 December 1967.

UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

LECTURER IN ENGLISH

The University invites applications for the position of Lecturer in English. Applicants should have an Honours degree in English and a higher degree. Applications will be considered from candidates with qualifications in any field of English literature.

Applications from persons with a special interest in Medieval or Eighteenth century studies would be especially welcomed. Dependent on his particular qualifications the applicant will be required to take part in the tutorial and tutorial programme for undergraduate students and in the supervision of postgraduate work. A large amount of specialization in teaching and research will be permitted and encouraged.

The salary ranges for a Lecturer is $A5,400—9 x $A250—3 x $A300—2 x $A350 per annum.

The University provides Superannuation similar to F.S.S.U., Housing Assistance, Study Leave and Travel Grants.

Additional information and application forms will be supplied upon request to the Association of Commonwealth Universities (British Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Applications close in London and Brisbane on 8 December 1967.

Public and University Appointments

FOURAH BAY COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF SIERRA LEONE
APPOINTMENTS are invited for (a) LECTURESHIP or (b) ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP in DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE. Appointee will teach some of the graduate courses in Modern English Literature to honours and general degree students. Desirability of an African element in course some sympathetic is called for. Salary (a) £1,900 to £2,370 per annum, (b) £900 to £1,200 per annum, plus supplementation (and tax free allowance) of up to £350 per annum for those designated under British Government Supplementation Scheme. Expatriates receive liberal passages; family passages.
Detailed applications (six copies) naming three referees by 25th November, 1967, to Registrar, Fourah Bay College, Freetown, Sierra Leone, from whom particulars are obtainable.

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM
ASSISTANT KEEPER
IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PALAEOGRAPHY AND DIPLOMATIC
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT KEEPER in the Department of Palaeography and Diplomatic, from January 1968 or from such date as may be arranged. The duties will consist mainly of arranging and taking charge of documents in the Durham Muniments, including some 15,000 to 20,000 post-1600 deeds.
Applications, being obliged together with the names of three referees, to be sent, not later than 27 November, 1967, to the Registrar and Secretary, The Castle, Durham, from whom further particulars may be obtained. (Applicants from abroad need submit one copy only.)

University College of North Wales, Bangor
Department of French and Romance Studies
LECTURER OR ASSISTANT LECTURER IN ITALIAN
Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Italian. Salary will be on a suitable point on the scale £1,610 to £2,630 for a Lecturer and £1,105 to £1,340 for an Assistant Lecturer, in addition there are F.S.S.U. benefits.
Applications (two copies), giving details of age, qualifications, and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be sent by November 20 to the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY
CHAIR OF AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE
APPLICATIONS are invited for the CHAIR of AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE within the Department of English. The Chair is at present vacant.
The salary for a Professor is at present at the rate of $A10,000 per annum, the salary scales for readers and senior lecturers are under review. There is provision under the Universities Superannuation Scheme for a non-contributory pension of two-thirds of the salary on retirement at the age of 65 after 10 years' service.
Under the Superannuation Scheme the University and the Professor contribute 5% each of the Professor's salary to the Superannuation Fund. The Senate reserves the right to appoint a Professor on conditions of membership of the Superannuation Scheme. Applications should be addressed to the Registrar, The University of Sydney, Australia, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Applications close in London on 15 December, 1967.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL
CHAIR OF LATIN
The Council proposes to appoint to the Chair of Latin tenable from 1st October, 1968 (or such earlier date as may be agreed). The stipend will be £3,500 per annum.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom applications (six copies) should be sent not later than 11 December next. Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will disqualify. Applicants may be required to read a paper during their visit to Liverpool.
H. H. BURGESS, Registrar.

Other Vacant Appointments

ASSISTANT KEEPER
NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM
POST for man with ARCHIVE DEPARTMENT experience.
DUTIES to include the cataloguing of the Museum's archives, which are housed in the Department, and the supervision of the Prints and Drawings Department, which is also housed in the Department, where the Assistant Keeper will enroll and supervise the work of volunteers.
SALARY on the scale £1,435 to £1,665 per annum, plus London Weighting. Starting salary will depend on qualifications and experience.
APPLICATIONS, giving full details of age, qualifications and experience, and the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, London, S.E.10, by 15th November, 1967.

CITY OF WAKEFIELD
Appointment of Deputy City Librarian
Applications are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the above post at A.P.V. The commencing salary will be dependent on age, point being dependent on experience.
Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Library, Drury Lane, Wakefield, to whom applications, together with the names of two referees, should be forwarded by 20th November, 1967.

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
Vancouver, Canada
Department of History
Applications are invited for new appointments to be made in the academic year 1968-9 in the following fields of History: Modern Britain (social and economic); Medieval Europe; European Diplomatic and Intellectual; 17th or 18th Century France; American Diplomatic and Colonial; Canadian. Appointments will be made at the rank of Assistant and Associate Professor depending on qualifications. Salary for Assistant Professor is $9,200 and up; and for Associate Professor, $11,300 and up. The University provides removal assistance, good pension, medical insurance plans, and other staff benefits.
Applications, including curriculum vitae and the names of three referees, should be sent to Dr. Margaret A. Ormsby, Head, Department of History, University of British Columbia, Vancouver 8, Canada.

CHERTSEY URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited for the above post.
Qualifications required: A.L.A.
Salary: A.P. III.
Forms and further details from: The Chief Librarian, The Central Library, Chertsey, Surrey.
Chertsey is an autonomous library authority and is outside the Greater London area.

LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
Required
LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE
of LIBRARY SERVICES TO HOSPITAL PATIENTS AND HOUSEBOUND READERS—Grade A.P.III (£1,220—£1,435) plus L.W. up to £75 p.a.
Five day 36½ hour week; superannuation and sick pay schemes.
Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Cambridge Heath Road, London, E.2. Closing date 20th November, 1967.

BOROUGH OF WORTHING
SENIOR ASSISTANT
REFERENCE LIBRARY
Applications are invited for the above appointment in the Reference Library on A.P. I/III, the commencing salary to be determined according to qualifications and experience.
The appointment will be subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service of Local Government Officers and the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts.
Worthing is now the second largest town in Sussex, with a population of over 84,000 and it is attracting more than a thousand additional residents every year.
Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience and giving the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, must be received by the Chief Librarian, Central Public Library, Worthing, by not later than the 16th November, 1967.
THOMAS FOORD,
Town Clerk.

COLCHESTER BOROUGH COUNCIL
SENIOR ASSISTANT
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post, graded A.P.3 (£1,220-£1,435). The successful applicant will be responsible for the Central Lending Library service, annual issues 600,000. New building in the planning stage. Temporary accommodation and up to two-thirds of removal expenses in appropriate cases.
Further details from the Borough Librarian, Public Library, Shewell Road, Colchester. Applications completed application should be returned not later than 15th November.

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post in this rapidly growing College. The Library is to be very considerably expanded shortly and applicants should be prepared to take a major part in the development.
Salary (currently under review) £955—£1,625 per annum with additions for qualifications and training. The point of entry to the scale will depend upon previous years of service.
In certain circumstances allowances are made for removal and lodging expenses.
Further details and application form may be obtained from the Registrar and completed forms should be returned to the Principal, Stafford College of Further Education, Tenterbanks, Stafford, within fourteen days of this advertisement.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HILLINGDON
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
BRANCH LIBRARIAN—Salary Grade AP4 £1,435-£1,665 p.a. plus London Weighting. Applicants must be chartered librarians and experienced in administering a busy library.
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN—Salary Grade AP3 £1,120-£1,435 p.a. plus London Weighting. Applicants should have Library Association Part II qualification but students taking the exams in December, with Paper B.32, considered. Library experience with children and schools an advantage.
Assistance with housing and removal expenses where appropriate. Application forms and further details from Borough Librarian, Deputy Hall, West Drayton, Middlesex, returnable by November 13th.

CITY OF ROCHESTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES
Appointment of Reference Library Assistant
Applications are invited for the appointment of Reference Library Assistant (male or female) in the Rochester Public Libraries at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P.2 (£1,050-£1,220).
Preference will be given to applicants who have Reference Library experience and have passed the Part I (Intermediate) Examination of the Library Association.
Applications, giving age, details of education and examinations passed, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to The City Librarian, Public Library, Northgate, Rochester, by 15th November, 1967.
Guildhall, Rochester. O. B. CRACKLEN,
30th October, 1967. Town Clerk.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY REGION
SENIOR ASSISTANT £1,220-£1,435
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable experience for appointment to the above post. The post is next in seniority to the Regional Librarian and offers ample opportunities for the exercise of energetic initiative. Corby is a lively new town (47,000 pop.) not too far from London or the Midlands. Attractive housing accommodation can be offered if desired and removal costs and separation allowance will be paid in approved cases. The salary entry point will be fixed after due consideration for benefits given to the successful applicant's qualifications and experience.
If you are tired of being under-employed this could be a post you will be happy in.
Applications to R. Wright, County Librarian, County Library, Angel Street, Northampton, not later than 15th November, 1967.
F. J. CLAYDON,
Clerk of the County Council.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARIAN FOR EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES
Applications are invited from graduates for a post of LIBRARIAN to develop a library service embracing both printed and audio-visual materials in the School of Education.
Salary within the range £1,105 to £2,270 per annum according to qualifications and experience, plus F.S.S.U. benefits.
Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Assistant Registrar (Establishment), the University of Sussex, Essex House, Falmer, Brighton BN1 9QQ, quoting Ref. 759/T.L.S. Completed forms should be returned by 13th November, 1967.

THE METAL BOX COMPANY LTD.
ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS
Two vacancies exist in the Company's Research and Development Department at Acton, London, W.3, and Park Royal, London, N.W.10. In both libraries the duties will include classification, cataloguing, answering enquiries and other activities. Applicants should have passed the Library Association Part II examination or its equivalent, although candidates taking their examinations in December are invited to apply. "A" levels in science subjects are desirable, and for one of the posts an interest in engineering is essential.
Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience.
Applications should be addressed to Administration, Research and Development Department, The Metal Box Co. Ltd., Kendal Avenue, London, W.3.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF READING
MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY
Appointment of Technician, School Service Section
Salary: Grade III (£820—£1,020)
The person appointed will be required to maintain existing loan collections in good repair and construct packaging for new collections as directed. He must be an experienced carpenter, able to work from drawings, should be prepared to develop an aptitude for working with metal, plastic and glass, and be an all-round handiman. The duties will also include making of models and facsimiles by modern methods, and picture framing.
The appointment is subject to the National Joint Council scheme of conditions of service, and superannuable subject to medical examination.
Applications endorsed 'Technician, School Service Section,' giving experience, qualifications and the names of two referees should be sent to:—
The Director,
Museum and Art Gallery,
P.O. Box 17,
Town Hall, Reading,
by 30th November, 1967.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF READING
MUSEUM & ART GALLERY
Appointment of Art Assistant
Salary: AP III-IV (£1,220-£1,665) according to qualifications and experience.
Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons (University degree or equivalent diploma) with Art Gallery experience. The possession of the Museums Association Diploma will be regarded as an advantage.
The duties include organisation of temporary exhibitions in the Art Gallery, the development of the Permanent Collection of British Art and the responsibility for the ceramic and costume collections.
The appointment is subject to the National Joint Council scheme of Conditions of Service, and superannuable subject to medical examination.
Applications endorsed 'Art Assistant' giving qualifications, experience and the names of three referees should be sent to:—
The Director,
Museum & Art Gallery,
P.O. Box 17,
Town Hall,
Reading.
by 30th November, 1967

TECHNICAL LIBRARIAN
(Grade aged 20-25)
required by
THE UNITED KINGDOM ATOMIC ENERGY AUTHORITY
in the Data Processing Sales Information Department of their MANCHESTER Branch.
Applications are invited from candidates with good education, preferably up to "A" level standard. Previous experience of Librarianship will be an advantage.
This is a responsible post, requiring a lively intelligence and a flair for dealing with people. It is varied in nature and offers ample scope for initiative where necessary, training will be given.
Starting salary offered plus threshold payments. 5 day week. Hours 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Monday to Thursday and 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. on Friday.
Please write to Mr. M. Pope, Administration Manager, 40 Wardle Road, Sale, quoting reference ELITS/306.

CITY OF WAKEFIELD
Appointment of Deputy City Librarian
Applications are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the above post at A.P.V.—the commencing point being dependent on experience.
Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Library, Drury Lane, Wakefield, to whom applications, together with the names of two referees, should be forwarded by 20th November, 1967.

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Vancouver, Canada
Department of History
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Applications, including curriculum vitae and the names of three referees, should be sent to Dr. Margaret A. Ormsby, Head, Department of History, University of British Columbia, Vancouver 8, Canada.

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